

# THE RELIQUARY.

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APRIL, 1861.

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## WILLIAM NEWTON, OF CRESSBROOK, THE "PEAK MINSTREL."

THE accompanying portrait, will not, I feel sure, be unwelcome in the pages of the RELIQUARY, for it has a double claim upon the interest of Derbyshire minds ; and in this locality, the mild features of William Newton, the "Peak Minstrel," may be recognised by some yet living, who knew the man, and knew that he rose in the strength of native thought, and ingenious worth, from the humblest birth, if not to wealth and fame — to inscribe his name on the pages of his country's worthies.

I need not repeat to your readers his modest history — many will be acquainted with the effusions of his elegant muse — and more will remember his hospitable board, and ever ready welcome — but I will explain why the sketch has a second interest to Derbyshire minds. It is from the pencil of another genius of the soil ; it is the work of Chantrey, done from the living subject, and the history of its existence I will relate in his own words, as spoken to an intimate friend.

"During a ramble in my own beautiful county (which has scenery I never saw surpassed in any), and descending into Monsal Dale, I overtook a peasant, as I believed, for he wore the ordinary dress of one, and that was tufted with locks of cotton-wool adhering to it. I asked some question respecting the road and its neighbourhood, and was cheerfully and civilly answered. Our way lay in the same direction, and we continued our talk ; very soon I found myself in glowing contact with a mind awakened to all the touching beauties of the scenery, to poetic expression, and to such an appreciation of the fine arts as astonished and delighted me. The Dale was, or seemed to be, very short ; at its termination, we approached a cluster of buildings, for the manufactory of cotton, a small house, which seemed to grow out of the rock, standing a little apart ; into it I was cordially invited, and there I learnt my companion was Mr. Newton, the manager of the concern, also the

director, master, and friend of 300 children, which the then existing law of our land permitted to be selected from the Orphan Asylums and Charity Hospitals of the large towns. Here I stayed for the remainder of the day, interested, surprised, and charmed in various ways. I took a sketch of my host, and left it with his family—a slight but expressive token of my gratified feelings.”

It could be no common mind that thus attracted and interested the great sculptor, then in the zenith of his powers—one whom the rank and talent of England were uniting to distinguish. It is *this* portrait which is now for the first time engraved to accompany this article; and it has the additional interest attached to it of being the first and only portrait ever engraved of William Newton.

In addition to this testimony to the beauty and simplicity of the mind of our Derbyshire Poet, I am glad to have it in my power to rescue from oblivion Mrs. Sterndale's graphic and truthful record of the Peak Minstrel, by placing it in the secure and appropriate pages of the RELIQUARY; on which we thread the memories of the past, appreciate the enjoyment of the present, and anticipate the hopes of the future. Mrs. Sterndale was intimately acquainted with Mr. Newton during many years of his life, and though not a Derbyshire woman, she had very early given her affections and her fancy to the country she loved so well, and has so sweetly described in her works.\* In the latter years of her life she lived at “Ashford-in-the-Water,” where she died in 1840; her remains being taken to Sheffield, to be placed with those of her family, who lived in its neighbourhood when the town was comparatively small, and when the fine old structure of Saint Peter's was its only Church.

The following is Mrs. Sterndale's notice † of William Newton—

“November the third, within a few days of completing his 80th year, died Mr. Newton, of Cressbrook Mill, near Tideswell, Derbyshire, one who will be long remembered with respect and regret, by all who knew his worth, and appreciated his talents. Mr. Newton was born at Abney, a few clustered houses upon the mountains, between Hathersage and Eyam, almost as much out of the world as the stars above them: but as he advanced to approaching maturity, he rose above the circumstances of his station, and the seclusion of his birth, forming his own character, and cherishing and improving those gifts, by which nature not unfrequently asserts her predominance, and justifies the ways of God to man.

“Mr. Newton possessed poetic talent in himself, and taste and judgment to appreciate that golden gift in others: to these was added a mechanical genius of the most useful order; but it was in the pursuit of the latter that the path of duty was laid, for he married in early manhood, and he wisely sacrificed the enticements of the sister-sirens, for the more substantial good of caring for a deserving wife and growing family. But though Mr. Newton did not give himself up to poesy, he cherished it as became a wise and good man, not as an *ignis*

\* “Vignettes of Derbyshire,” by Mrs. Sterndale.

† This notice appeared in the *Sheffield Iris*, Edited by James Montgomery, Nov. 9th, 1830.

*fatus* of the earth, but as a light from heaven — as a gracious dispensation from that merciful Being who makes the desert smile, and strews with flowers the thorny paths of life. Such, indeed, it was to him; for it soothed his long and dreary walks in morning twilight, and in midnight darkness, across the wildest dales and heathy hills, that intervened between his manual occupations and his home; it animated his humble fireside, and threw a charm around even his mechanical pursuits, where, like Prospero, he was surrounded by all the engines of his art, whilst his little library was to him a dukedom. More than all, it elevated himself above the common cares and intercourses of life; and, though he was gentle in his demeanour, and kind even to apostolical charity in his heart, he was never in familiarity with the coarse, the sordid, or the servile.

"The important concerns with which Mr. Newton was connected at Cressbrook and Litton, evince his scientific and practical knowledge; yet, without remitting the daily attention they demanded, he *found*, or *made* time, for the indulgence and exercise of those particular talents, that in his more early life, through all the difficulties of complicated business, under all the privations of a remote and secluded situation, and with all the impediments and claims of domestic cares, he sedulously cultivated and improved.

"Mr. Newton's manners were polished by a gentle nature, and a benevolent heart, the radical source of true politeness; his powers of conversation were various and intelligent, and when animated by the presence of those he fondly esteemed, those who met his feelings and ideas, entered into his enthusiasms, and drew out the rich stores of poetical recollection that his early and matured reading had impressed upon his singularly tenacious memory, his society was an intellectual banquet. The wild sublimity of his native mountains, the deep seclusion of their fertile valleys, with all their lucid streams and shadowy rocks, were then reverted to with a spirit and a feeling they could alone inspire. He knew them and their attractions well; he was familiar with all their changes: the stars of midnight had been his companions; the winter winds his deep-toned instruments; the rippling waters his gentle harmonies; and to hear him describe their distinguishing appearances and effects, by their local, familiar, and identifying names, was almost to stand upon the summits of Mam Torr and all her children; by the side of all the wanderings of the Wye and Derwent; to feel 'the gales that from them blew,' and breathe the very air of Derbyshire. Music, with which he was scientifically acquainted, was to him a spell of wondrous power, and exquisite delight, and nothing less than Handel could satisfy a mind and ear thus constructed.

"By the late Miss Seward, his countrywoman and his friend, he was in early life distinguished; the effect of his manners and appearance in elegant society, is described in her published letters, Vol. III.; and further testimonials of his worth appear in her various correspondence. Through his long life he ranked amongst his friends names distinguished by virtue and by fame, along with what the world never fails to estimate, wealth and consideration.

"Under the pressure of eighty years, the form and figure of Mr. Newton yielded, and time arrested the elasticity of his step ; but his spirit, his urbanity, his hospitality, his memory, and politeness, never failed. In him the wine of life ran clear to the last ; and he died as he had lived — in peace and charity with all good men, beloved and mourned by his family, and respected and regretted by his friends. In Derbyshire, that witnessed his natal and his mortal hours, and in the very heart of the country he loved, his body rests in peace, and his spirit returned to Him who gave it."

ASHFORD-IN-THE-WATER.

L. S.

The following lines by Newton have been hitherto unpublished —

SONNET.

Beneath my Alder's peaceful bough,  
 While whispers soft the Western wind,  
 My limbs I indolently throw,  
 And leave the world and care behind.  
 Here, blest with peace, with ease, and health,  
 Life's toilsome scenes, O let me shun !  
 Forego ambition, fame, and wealth,  
 To bask me in the evening sun.  
 And as this gentle bosom'd stream  
 With silent lapse serenely flows,  
 Smiles and reflects the golden beam,  
 Ere modest evening's glories close ;  
 So let me, in life's tranquil evening, find  
 Calm, soft, unruffled joys — the sunshine of the mind !

WILLIAM NEWTON.

*Cressbrook, October 14th, 1822.*



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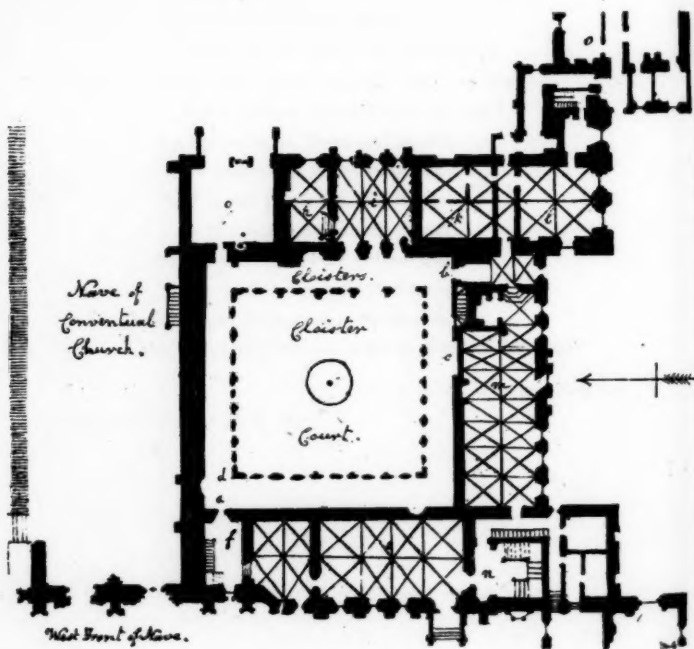


*Cart. Harl. 112.7.34.*

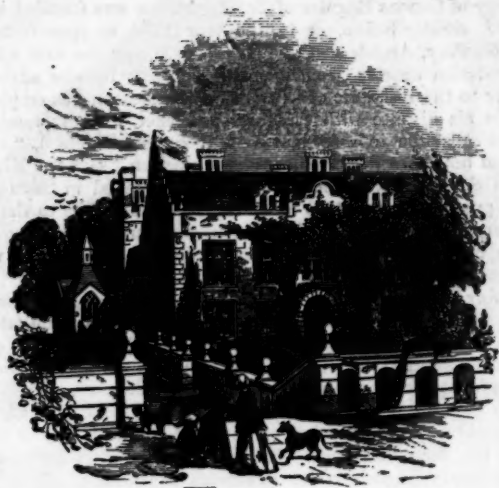


PLATE X

*Augment. Office.*



*Newstead Priory,  
Nottinghamshire*



## THE AUSTIN PRIORY OF ST. MARY OF NEWSTEAD IN SHIRWOOD, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

BY THE REV. JOHN MOREWOOD GRESLEY, M.A.

Secretary of the Anastatic Drawing Society.

THERE seldom occurs so good an opportunity of thoroughly seeing a place as when it is going to be sold. I therefore procured the plans and particulars of the estate and house at Newstead, and visited it a week before it was offered for sale, as we saw reported in the newspapers last June.\* They present a remarkable instance of the domestic buildings of a Monastery being converted into a baronial residence, the sites of the various parts of the original edifice being adhered to.

But before saying more respecting them, I would observe, that this

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\* The Manor or Lordship of Newstead contains about 3,226 acres, of which the Park, inclosed with a stone wall, occupies about 881 acres, the woods and plantations within the Park are about 196 acres, and without the Park about 618 acres.

In the midst stand the remains of the venerable Abbey and Baronial Residence, which has, at vast expense, been restored by the late Colonel Wildman, under the superintendence of the late John Shaw, Architect, F.R.S., and now forms one of the finest residences in England, containing on the principal floor the great dining-hall, 55 feet by 24 feet, and 29 feet high, the private dining-room adjoining, 24 feet by 18 feet, the great drawing-room, 70 feet by 23 feet, and 20 feet high, the private drawing-room, 24 feet by 20 feet, the library, 60 feet by 13 feet, all communicating with wide galleries. . . . On the ground floor is the cloistered quadrangle communicating with the crypt, halls of entrance, with staircases and numerous apartments, and with the ancient Chapter-house, one of the most beautiful and interesting remains of the Abbey, and which is restored and used as a private Chapel. The domestic offices have been rebuilt. . . . The ancient terraced gardens in connection with the Abbey have been restored, and an excellent walled kitchen garden added to them.

*Advertisement of Sale.*

The property was offered by auction on Wednesday, June 13th. It was part of the conditions that the timber, valued at £23,600 odd, the furniture, estimated at £4,750,

Monastery of Canons Regular of St. Augustine, was founded by King Henry II. shortly before, or in, the year 1174, as appears from the fact of Geoffrey, Archdeacon of Canterbury, being the first witness to the foundation charter, from which preferment he was advanced in that year to the Bishopric of Ely. This Archdeacon was employed by Henry in his dispute with Archbishop Becket, who excommunicated him, and calls him in a letter to the Bishop of Hereford, "an Arch-devil, and limb of Anti-Christ." "I have given," says the King, "to God and St. Mary, the place which I have founded in Scirwood, and by this present charter have confirmed the same place to the Canons there serving God; and Papplewic, with the church of the same town, and the mill which the Canons themselves have made, and with all things pertaining to the same town, in wood and plain," &c.

Probably the only portions now remaining of the original Monastery, are two semicircular-headed Norman doorways, one of them (a) leading into the cloisters at the north-west angle, the other (b) at the east end of the south side of the cloisters; and also the arch of the lavatory (c) near this latter doorway, which is of the same character. The Chapter-house is next in date. The west front of the Conventual Church remains in exquisite preservation, excepting that the tracery of the large window has been destroyed. Rickman speaks of it as transitional from the Early English to the Decorated Gothic, i. e. of the close of the 13th century.\* It is, in its architectural features, very like Salisbury and portions of Lichfield and Southwell. The details of it given in the plate are from drawings by Coney. It was evidently never completed. It is, professedly, the west front of a nave, with north and south aisles, which were intended to have towers, but they were never raised. The south aisle was evidently never built, for one side of the cloisters occupies the site of it, and it may be questioned whether the north aisle ever was, for the west window of it is, like that of the south aisle, blocked up with stone, although there is the commencement of an arch and groining for it near the west doors of the nave.† A statue of God the Son and St. Mary still occupies a niche high over the great western window, recalling to one's mind the lines of Lord Byron on the Angelic salutation—

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!  
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!  
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare  
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!

and the pictures, library, and articles of *verru*, should be taken or not with the property at the option of the purchaser. The property was put up for sale without the timber. The first bidding was £90,000. An offer of £120,000 was made by Mr. Tweed, the Town Clerk of Lincoln, on behalf, it was understood, of Messrs. Clayton and Shuttlesworth, engineers, of that town; and £121,000 was bid by or for Charles Hardy, Esq. The property, however, was bought in at the reserved bidding of £180,000, including the timber. Mr. Pott, of Nottingham, was the auctioneer. It is now said to be sold by private contract to William Frederick Webb, Esq., late of the 17th Lancers, of Pepper Hall, Yorkshire, for £150,000. In 1818, when the property was last sold by auction, by Alderman Fairbrother, so great was the public interest taken on the occasion, that it was necessary to prop up the house in which the sale took place.

\* *Archæologia*, xxv. 171.

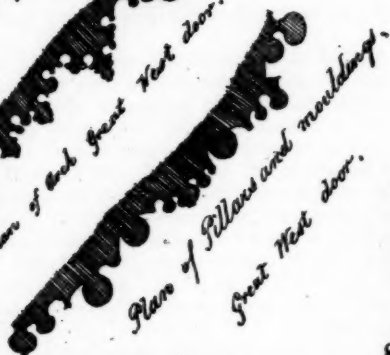
† There is a good paper upon the Architecture of Newstead in the Journal of the British Archaeological Association for April, 1853, by A. Ashpitel, Esq.



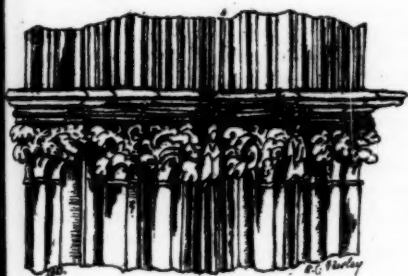
Plan of Pillars.



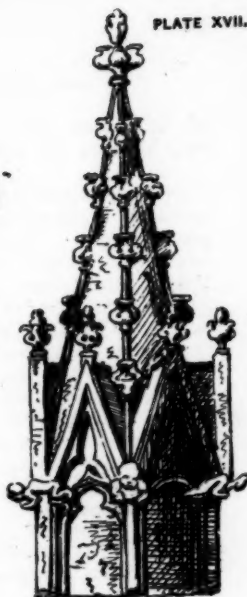
Plan of arch and great West door.



Plan of Pillars and moldings.  
Great West door.



Elevation of Caps of Pillars,  
Great West door.



Pinnacles.



Buttresses.



Mouldings of Side door.



Moulding of Arch, Great  
West Window.



Pinnacles of Buttresses.



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Ave Maria! Oh that face so fair,  
Those down-cast eyes beneath the Almighty dove!  
What though 'tis but a pictured image! &c.

It is not, however, my intention to repeat on this occasion all the charming poetry with which Newstead inspired the muse of Lord Byron.

But little is generally known of the history of the Monastery. I find mention made of four chartularies, or ledger books, of the house, which contain transcripts of their title deeds, &c. Dugdale copies from one, then (1640) in the possession of Sir John Biron, which no doubt he became possessed of when he had the grant of the property from Henry VIII. The same MS. is referred to by Thoroton (1677), who calls it the book of Robert Cutwolf, prior of Newstead in the time of Henry VI. "A ledger book, containing charters, &c., relating to Newstead Abbey, in Nottinghamshire, temp. Henry VI.," is mentioned in p. 158 of the Appendix to the Report of the Commissioners on the Public Records (1837), as in the King's Remembrancer's Office. Another is deposited among the Arundel MSS. in the Library of the College of Arms (Norfolk MS. 60.)\* Another is mentioned in Spelman's Glossary, p. 458, as, in 1630, in the possession of the Earl of Kingston. How far these four are alike I cannot say. We know that transcripts of their chartularies used to be deposited by Monasteries in other friendly religious houses, in order to the preservation of them in case of the destruction of the originals by fire or otherwise at home. Others were compiled for use at subordinate Cells and Granges. From these chartularies, and from our national records, much information respecting the Monastery might be collected.

The income of the House, just before its dissolution, appears by the report of an Ecclesiastical Survey, made in pursuance of an Act of Parliament, 26 Hen. VIII., 1534-5, to have been £219 18s. 8d. per annum.

The following is a list of twenty Priors of Newstead. It contains two

\* A quarto volume in its ancient wooden cover, one of them having an iron lock within it, which has fastened a clasp from the other side, but which is now gone. It contains 216 leaves of parchment, written in a fair hand, but has been mutilated. At f. 26-7, is a memorandum, "That this Manuscript, being y<sup>e</sup> Leiger Booke of the Dissolved Abbey or priory of Newstead, in Com' Nottingham, did formerly belong to Thomas Freeman, of Sutton in the Dale, Gent., a Lover of Learning and Antiquity. This Sutton is y<sup>e</sup> Seate of y<sup>e</sup> R<sup>h</sup> Hono<sup>r</sup>. ble Nicholas Earle of Scarisdale, vnder whose Ancesters the said Thomas Freeman had severall years served in the cheifest Trusts and with great Fidelity and Reputation, in Testimony whereof the said Earles Ancesters Gave a Noble Annuity or Rent Charge of Sixty pounds per Annum to the said Thomas and his wife for their Lives.

"At the request of my Learned and Hono<sup>r</sup>d Freind Ralph Heathcoate, Clerke, Rector of Morton in y<sup>e</sup> said Hundread and County, this Book was given unto me, Michael Burton, of Holmesfeild, and Wirksworth in y<sup>e</sup> said County of Derby, Esq<sup>r</sup>., by Elizabeth y<sup>e</sup> Widdow and Relict of y<sup>e</sup> s<sup>d</sup> Thomas Freeman; and at her request by me to be presented to the Hono<sup>r</sup>ble Society of the Colledge of Arms in London, to be there Reprinted as a Monument of Antiquity, and for the Common benefitt & use of y<sup>e</sup> Members of y<sup>e</sup> said Hono<sup>r</sup>ble Colledge, and all other Lovers of their Countrey and y<sup>e</sup> Antiquity thereof.

Which Gift or Present I do hereby accordingly make," &c. "In Witnesse whereof I have hereunto Subscribed my Name this Eleventh day of February," A.D. 1712.

"MICH. BURTON."

Some account of the contents of this MS. may be found in Sir Charles G. Young's Catalogue of the Arundel MSS. p. 126-9.



names not mentioned in the Monasticon, and a few variations from that list. I have taken it from the marginal MS. notes of that painful antiquary, Browne Willis, in his copy of Thoroton's Nottinghamshire, p. 262, which I have the happiness of possessing —

EUSTACHIUS, occurs 1215.

ALBERED, about 1230.

ROBERT, elected 1239.

WILLIAM, occurs 1267.

JOHN LEXINGTON, occurs 1280.

RICHARD DE HALAM, elected 1287.

WILLIAM DE THURGARTON, elected 1290.

RICHARD DE GRANGIA, elected 1293.

HUGH DE COLINGHAM, occurs 1350; was succeeded by

JOHN WILLESTHORP, 1357.

WILLIAM ALLERTON, succeeded, 1367.

JOHN HUCKNALL, elected 1406.

WILLIAM BAUKWELL, elected 1415.

THOMAS DE CARLTON, elected 1421.

ROBERT CUTWOLFE, elected 1424.

WILLIAM MISTERTON, elected 1455.

JOHN DURHAM, elected 1461.

THOMAS GUNTHORP, elected 1467, was living 1495; resigned 1504.

WILLIAM SAVAGE, occurs 1507, called Sandal; elected 1504.

JOHN BLAKE, last Prior, surrendered 1540, and had a pension of £16 13s. 4d., and was living 1553, and enjoyed it: 11 monks surrendered with him, Oct. 3, 1539. He was elected 1526.

A fragment only of the Conventual Seal remains appended to the deed of surrender in the Augmentation Office. St. Mary is represented sitting with the infant Christ. Portions of the side of a canopy remain, which has a back ornamented with a reticulated pattern. The bracket upon which the design stands has bold foliage. The only letters of the legend remaining are NOUO · LOCO ·

An impression in green wax, in good preservation, of an older seal, is attached to a charter in the British Museum, dated the Saturday next after the Feast of St. Andrew the Apostle, 40 Hen. III. (A.D. 1255).<sup>\*</sup> It is pointed oval in shape, and has a figure of the Blessed Virgin with our Lord on a cushioned seat. In her right hand she holds up a lily, and from her wrists are seen the long hanging sleeves of the tunic, as worn in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, from which the old heraldic maunch takes its form. The legend is + SIGILVM · SANTE · MARIE · NOVI · LOCI · I · SCHI: in English, "The Seal of Saint Mary of the New Place (New-stead) in Shirwood." Some of the letters are omitted by the engraver, and the I in MARIE had a narrow escape.

In the Collegiate Church of Southwell are preserved a fine brazen Eagle, 6 feet 2 inches in height, and two Candlesticks, originally 4 feet 6½ inches in height (to which 10½ inches have apparently been added),

<sup>\*</sup> Cart. Harl. 112. F. 34. William, the fourth Prior in Willis's list, is probably the William de Motesfant named in this charter.



THE NEWSTEAD EAGLE AND CANDLESTICK,  
IN SOUTHWELL MINSTER.



STATIONARY PUMP WITH HORIZONTAL SHAFT  
AND VALVE

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used in former times in the Monastic Church of Newstead. I was told at Newstead that they were dragged out of the square pond a few yards east of the High Altar, called in the plans "The Eagle Pond." The Eagle is engraved in Shaw's *Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages*, Vol. I., whose account of it is worth repeating as rectifying a vulgar error —

"The elegant reading desk at the end of the present article was, about the year 1780, dragged out of the deep part of the lake at Newstead, and is now preserved at Southwell, in Nottinghamshire, having been purchased by Sir Richard Kaye, in 1778, and presented by his widow to the Chapter. It is made of brass, and was sent by them to a clockmaker to be cleaned, who observed that it was composed of several pieces, which might be taken apart. On unscrewing these, the boss was found to contain a number of parchments, most of which were deeds and grants connected with the Abbey of Newstead. Among the rest was a pardon granted by King Henry V. on some occasion to the monks, and, as was common with such documents, worded so generally as to include every offence that was probable that the monks might be accused of having committed, previous to the date at which the pardon was granted. Such deeds were often necessary to protect the monks against the rapacity or malice of their neighbours. Washington Irving, who has described this reading desk in his little volume on "Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey," has entirely misunderstood the nature of this document, and represents it as an indulgence to the monks to commit crimes with impunity. There can be little doubt that this desk, which was used in the Chapel of the Abbey to read the Litany from, was thrown into the lake by the monks, probably at the time when the dissolution of monasteries was first threatened, in the hope that by this means their titles would be preserved until the storm should be blown over; and they never returning to recover it, it remained beneath the water during more than two centuries."

I am indebted to the kindness of the Rev. James F. Dimock, Minor Canon of Southwell, for the following additional remarks — "It was fished no doubt out of the lake at Newstead, when, I cannot say; but I believe in the 'wicked' lord's time. It is said to have been sold by him as old brass: this we can well believe, as he turned every thing into cash that he could lay his hands on. Sir Richard Kaye, one of our Prebendaries (of Northmuskham, from 1783 to 1810), is said to have found it in some curiosity-shop, or such like place, at Nottingham. He himself, not his widow, gave it to Southwell. The Chapter Decree Book contains the following memorandum — 'April 18, 1805. Decreed that the thanks of the Chapter be given to Sir Rich. Kaye, for his offer of a brass eagle, which they will accept, and send for, the first convenient opportunity.' Colonel Wildman, who used to look at it with eyes of extreme envy, and would have rejoiced in getting it back to Newstead, gave me the following account of its discovery. The lake had been drained, and was being cleaned out. Besides the eagle, and the two candlesticks near our altar, the workmen found two very large and heavy chests. Peremptory orders came from the then

lord to fill the lake with water at once: he was coming to Newstead with a lot of friends. The chests were therefore left, and nothing done to mark the exact spot where they lay. Soon after Colonel Wildman bought Newstead the lake was again drained: there were then old people living who remembered the former drainage, and who had helped to bring the eagle and candlesticks to light, and had laboured in vain at the chests. They professed to remember the spot, and were allowed by Colonel Wildman to make a new search. They were at work for days to no purpose, poking in the mud with poles. At length one of them fell head-foremost into the mud, and was suffocated; and Colonel Wildman refused to allow any further attempt to find the chests. There they still lie, full probably of the Abbey plate and other valuables.

"Colonel Wildman spoke with entire confidence of the candlesticks being found at the same time as the eagle. I know of no other evidence as to this fact. They are not mentioned in the Decree of thanks, or elsewhere in the Chapter documents, so far as I know. Colonel Wildman, no doubt, was right: they have every appearance of having come from the same foundry as the eagle.

"The document found in the ball upon which the eagle stands, upon which Washington Irving founded his good Protestant legend, blackening the character of the poor old monks, proved, on examination by a competent reader, to be one of the General Pardons which were forced upon the Religious Houses by Henry V., as a means of raising the wind when about to embark for the French wars. It has about as much to do with the man-in-the-moon as with the Pope; and about as much with the morals of the man-in-the-moon's wife (if he has one) as with those of the Newstead monks. It is simply a sample of State dodgery when intent on plundering the Church."

King Henry VIII., by his letters patent, dated May 28, 32 Hen. VIII., granted Newstead Priory (Newstead Abbey is a misnomer, and a piece of presumption on the part of its lay impropiators), to Sir John Byron, of Colwick, Knight, descended from the old Derbyshire family of the De Burons, or Birones, of Horsley Castle, near Derby, whose illegitimate son (as appears by Thoroton's pedigree of the family) succeeded him in his estates. The recent editors of Spelman's book on Sacrilege have the following observations in their Introductory Essay — "It is the more important to dwell on the history of this house, because Tanner brings it forward as one of his proofs that no especial curse attaches itself to sacrilege. We will, as nearly as we can, avail ourselves of Moore's words, in his 'Life of Lord Byron.' Sir (John?) Byron, made a Knight of the Bath by King James I., was deeply involved in debt. His son, the first Lord Byron, died without issue. The second and third barons left each only one surviving son. The fourth baron was thrice married. By his first wife he had no issue; by his second three sons and one daughter, who all died unmarried; by his third, among other children, Admiral Byron, whose wreck off the coast of Chili, and five years' hardships, attracted public attention. 'Not long after,' says Moore, 'a less innocent sort of notoriety attached itself to two other members of the family, one the

grand-uncle of the poet, and the other his father. The former, in the year 1765, stood his trial before the House of Peers for killing in a duel, or rather scuffle, his relation and neighbour, Mr. Chaworth; and the latter, having carried off to the Continent the wife of Lord Caermarthen, on the noble marquis obtaining a divorce from the lady, married her.' This lady 'having died in 1784, he, in the following year, married Miss Catherine Gordon. It was known to be solely with a view of relieving himself from his debts, that Mr. Byron paid his addresses to her. The creditors lost no time in pressing their demands; and not only was the whole of her ready money, bank shares, fisheries, &c., sacrificed to satisfy them, but a large sum raised by mortgage on the estate for the same purpose.' 'I have been thinking,' says Lord Byron himself, 'of an odd circumstance. My daughter (1), myself (2), my half sister (3), my mother (4), my sister's mother (5), my natural daughter (6), myself (7), are, or were, all *only* children. My sister's mother had only my half sister by that second marriage (herself, too, an only child), and my father had me, an only child, by his second marriage with my mother, an only child too. Such a complication of only children, all tending to one family, is singular enough, AND LOOKS LIKE FATALITY ALMOST.' We need not remind the reader of the separation of Mr. and Mrs. Byron, and of Lord and Lady Byron, nor of the miserable tenor of the poet's after-life. Newstead no longer belongs to the Byrons; the present baron has six surviving children, of whom three are married, whereas Colonel Wildman, the present possessor of Newstead, is without heirs male."

Sir John Byron (alias Halgh), son of the King's grantee, is styled "of Newstead," and probably converted the domestic buildings of the Monastery into a residence for himself. The Priory Church would form a quarry close at hand, from which materials could be procured for such alterations as he and his successors might desire. Excepting therefore its west front, which was very ornamental, its south wall of great strength, and two sides of its south transept, now transformed into the Orangery, nothing remains of it which can be traced above ground. The Cloister Court still retains its Cloisters of the late Perpendicular style, in which may be observed an Early English doorway (*d*), which led into the Nave of the Church near the west end, and the position of the Norman Lavatory (*c*) on the south side. Around the Cloister Court were the Conventual buildings. I suppose the present Entrance Hall and Parlor (*e*) to have consisted of various monastic offices, with the Dormitory above, which now forms the Private and Great Dining Rooms. Where the Second Staircase now is (*f*) was the entrance to the Cloisters. The Library is a Byronian addition over the north side of the Cloisters. Here windows may have given light to the Church. On the east side is the Orangery (*g*), once the south transept of the Church; south of which is Lord Byron's bath (*h*), with the "family pew" above it, looking into the present Chapel (*i*), which was originally the Chapter-House of the Canons. This long narrow room (*h*) was probably the Mortuary or "Dead Mane's" Chamber, where the deceased monks were laid immediately after death. Sometimes it was divided, the easternmost

portion with an entrance into the Church serving as a vestry. The Wine Cellar (*k*) and Private Dining Room (*l*), completing the east side, and projecting considerably further to the south, appear to have been the undercroft to the Prior's Lodgings as originally designed. The buildings eastward of it were probably a subsequent addition. The Servants' Hall (*m*) seems to have been the vaulted crypt or undercroft for cellarage beneath the Refectory, which always occupied this position, parallel with the Church: it is now the Great Drawing Room of the mansion. The buildings (*n*) southwest of the Refectory contained perhaps the kitchen, bakehouse, and other domestic offices: those (*o*) southeast of the Prior's Lodgings may have been the Hospitium. Of course there must be some conjecture in thus assigning the various parts of the building to their original purposes, and more learned antiquaries may appropriate some portions differently from what I have stated. Could we but have examined it half a century ago, when in the dilapidated condition in which Lord Byron was obliged to leave it, more of its original character would doubtless have been apparent. Colonel Wildman's improvements, however, are said to have been carried out as *restorations* as much as possible.

The extraordinary interest with which Newstead is now regarded, is, of course, derived from its connection with the most famous poet of his day. There was a time when I, in common with many of my age, indulged in the fascinating beauty and luxuriousness of Byron's compositions, and imbibed the evil which lay not concealed within them. And when visiting the scenes which called forth from the soul of the bard so much of his immortal verse (as the world would call it), one could not but speculate and philosophize upon that great phenomenon. Here was a man, endowed with untold intellectual power, genius, imagination, talent, taste, living in the very abode of ancient devotion and sanctity, yet himself unhappily taking the opposite direction; ruining, we cannot but fear, himself and others eternally. Are not Byron's poems the miserable snare which has introduced many to courses of profligacy and unbelief? I once accidentally heard a young man enthusiastically affirm, that in his judgment, "Don Juan" was superior to the Bible! How came this to be? One incident in Byron's life seems to contain the key to it. Passing over his defective early education, we come to what appears to have been the turning point of his life — his unrequited adoration, as we may call it, of the object of his early love. He was then fifteen; she two years older. "She," says Irving, "was at that age when a female soon changes from the girl to the woman, and leaves her boyish lovers far behind her." While his youthful affections were concentrated in her, she became the wife of another. In the anguish of such a moment, in the minds of such as Byron, there are but two objects to choose between for relief. Unhappily he chose the wrong one — the world and its recklessness. And having done so, he became the enemy of the other. Many are they of old time, who, in such moments of (we may say) Providential affliction, have found refuge in such retreats as Byron then possessed the ruins of: many, whom the very sight of



such remains of ancient devotion has since calmed, consoled, and led on to their reality. We read of his desecration of the place and its former occupants; how he dug up the ashes of the dead, and insulted what was still tangible of them. Even now this has not quite ceased. Most of the human remains have indeed been reinterred, or put away; the stone coffin of the Prior from before the High Altar is no longer filled with rubbish or pugilistic implements; but the "skull-cup" is exhibited. The courteous housekeeper still produces it, with its silver rim and engraved pedestal, as the choicest gem of the mansion. I could not but look upon it with horror and detestation, and state my conviction, that no possessor of the house could prosper until it was again consigned to the earth from which it was formed. Thus "*the things which*" to Byron "*should have been for his wealth, became unto him an occasion of falling.*" Alas, that there is so little recorded of him which can afford us hope of his repentance.

I have ventured to make this concluding remark, which may seem to some to be beyond the province of the archaeologist, from a conviction that if we are never to extend our observations beyond the dry facts of History, Architecture, and Antiquity—if we are never to draw conclusions, nor confirm religious principles from such studies—if we are to regard works of art and curiosity merely as what they are in themselves, and not as conducive to the glory of the great Artificer of the world and of mankind—then researches such as ours will be found to have been useless, and worse than useless, to us at the Last Day.

OVER SEILE. March, 1861.

## THE DRUNKEN BUTCHER OF TIDESWELL.

BY WILLIAM BENNETT, ESQ.

Author of "The King of the Peak," etc., etc., etc.

THE Ballad I now have the pleasure of presenting to the readers of the "RELIQUARY" (the subject of which is as well known in the Peak as that Kinder Scout is the highest hill, and Tideswell Church the most stately and beautiful Church in it) will perhaps appear a little modernised to some, who have only heard the tale from the mouths of unsobor toppers, accustomed to use ancient provincial and obsolete words, which not only render the sense less distinguishable, but also mar the flow of the rhythm. I confess, therefore, to having taken some liberties with the grammar, the orthography, and the metre; but, in all other respects, I have strictly adhered to the original; and my honesty in this respect will be recognized and admitted by many persons, to whom these minstrel relics are precious.

The legend is still so strong in the Peak, that numbers of the inhabitants do not concur in the sensible interpretation put upon the appearance by the Butcher's wife; but pertinaciously believe that the drunken man was beset by an evil spirit, which either ran by his

horse's side, or rolled on the ground before him, faster than his horse could gallop, from Peak Forest to the sacred inclosure of Tideswell Churchyard, where it disappeared; and many a bold fellow, on a moonlight night, looks anxiously round, as he crosses Tideswell Moor, and gives his nag an additional touch of the spur, as he hears the bell of Tideswell Church swinging midnight to the winds, and remembers the tale of the "Drunken Butcher of Tideswell" —

Oh, lift to me, ye yeomen all,  
Who live in dale or down!  
My song is of a butcher tall,  
Who lived in Tiddefwall town.  
In bluff King Harry's merry days,  
He slew both sheep and kine;  
And drank his fill of nut brown ale,  
In lack of good red wine.

Befide the Church this Butcher lived,  
Close to its gray old walls;  
And envied not, when trade was good,  
The Baron in his halls.  
No carking cares disturbed his rest,  
When off to bed he slunk;  
And oft he snored for ten good hours,  
Because he got so drunk.

One only sorrow quelled his heart,  
As well it might quell mine —  
The fear of sprites and grisly ghouls,  
Which dance in the moonshine;  
Or wander in the cold Churchyard,  
Among the dismal tombs;  
Where hemlock blossoms in the day,  
By night the nightshade blooms.

It chanced upon a summer's day,  
When heather-bells were blowing,  
Bold Robin crossed o'er Tiddefwall Moor,  
And heard the heath-cock crowing:  
Well mounted on a forest nag,  
He freely rode and fast;  
Nor drew a rein, till Sparrow Pit,  
And Paislow Mofs were past.

Then slowly down the hill he came,  
To the Chappelle en le firth;  
Where, at the Rose of Lancaster,  
He found his friend the Smith:  
The Parson, and the Pardoner too,  
There took their morning draught;  
And when they spied a Brother near,  
They all came out and laughed.

"Now draw thy rein, thou jolly Butcher ;  
 How far halt thou to ride ?"  
 "To Waylee-Bridge, to Simon the Tanner,  
 To sell this good cow-hide."  
 "Thou shalt not go one foot ayont,  
 'Till thou light and sup with me ;  
 And when thou'lt emptied my measure of liquor,  
 I'll have a measure wi' thee."  
 "Oh no, oh no, thou drouthy Smith !  
 I cannot tarry to-day :  
 The Wife, she gave me a charge to keep ;  
 And I durst not say her nay."  
 "What likes o' that, said the Parson then,  
 If thou'lt sworn, thou'lt ne'er to rue :  
 Thou may'lt keep thy pledge, and drink thy stoup,  
 As an honest man e'en may do."  
 "Oh no, oh no, thou jolly Parson !  
 I cannot tarry, I say ;  
 I was drunk last night, and if I tarry,  
 I'll be drunk again to-day."  
 "What likes, what likes, cried the Pardoner then,  
 Why tellest thou that to me ?  
 Thou may'lt e'en get thee drunk this blessed night ;  
 And well thrived for both thou shalt be."  
 Then down got the Butcher from his horse,  
 I wot full fain was he ;  
 And he drank 'till the summer sun was set,  
 In that jolly company :  
 He drank 'till the summer sun went down,  
 And the stars began to shine ;  
 And his greasy noddle, was dazed and addle,  
 With the nut brown ale and wine.  
 Then up arose those four mad fellows ;  
 And joining hand in hand,  
 They danced around the hostel floor,  
 And sung, tho' they scarce could stand,  
 "We've aye been drunk on yester night ;  
 And drunk the night before ;  
 And sae we're drunk again to-night,  
 If we never get drunk any more."  
 Bold Robin the Butcher was horfed and away ;  
 And a drunken wight was he ;  
 For sometimes his blood-red eyes saw double ;  
 And then he could scanty see.  
 The forest trees seemed to featly dance,  
 As he rode so swift along ;  
 And the forest trees, to his wildered sense,  
 Refang the jovial song.

Then up he sped over Paislow Mofs,  
 And down by the Chamber Knowle :  
 And there he was scared into mortal fear  
 By the hooting of a barn owl :  
 And on he rode, by the Forest Wall,  
 Where the deer browsed silently ;  
 And up the Slack, 'till, on Tiddefwall Moor,  
 His horse stood fair and free.  
 Just then the moon, from behind the rack,  
 Burst out into open view ;  
 And on the sward and purple heath  
 Broad light and shadow threw ;  
 And there the Butcher, whose heart beat quick,  
 With fear of Gramarye,  
 Fast by his side, as he did ride,  
 A foul phantom did espy.  
 Uprose the fell of his head, uprofe  
 The hood which his head did shroud ;  
 And all his teeth did chatter and girm,  
 And he cried both long and loud ;  
 And his horse's flank, with his spur he struck,  
 As he never had struck before ;  
 And away he galloped, with might and main,  
 Across the barren moor.  
 But ever as fast as the Butcher rode,  
 The Ghost did grimly glide :  
 Now down on the earth before his horse,  
 Then fast his rein beside :  
 O'er stock and rock, and stone and pit,  
 O'er hill and dale and down,  
 'Till Robin the Butcher gained his door-stone,  
 In Tiddefwall's good old town.  
 "Oh, what thee ails, thou drunken Butcher ?"  
 Said his Wife, as he sank down ;  
 "And what thee ails, thou drunken Butcher ?"  
 Cried one-half of the Town.  
 "I have seen a Ghost, it hath raced my horse,  
 For three good miles and more ;  
 And it vanished within the Churchyard wall,  
 As I sank down at the door."  
 "Beshrew thy heart, for a drunken beast !"  
 Cried his Wife, as she held him there ;  
 "Beshrew thy heart, for a drunken beast,  
 And a coward, with heart of hare.  
 No Ghost hath raced thy horse to-night ;  
 Nor evened his wit with thine :  
 The Ghost was thy shadow, thou drunken wretch !  
 I would the Ghost were mine."

*Chapel-en-le-Frith.*

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### THE PILLORY, AND WHO THEY PUT IN IT.

BY LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A., ETC., ETC., ETC.

I HAVE in previous papers spoken of and illustrated two of the most striking kinds of punishment to which our forefathers — or rather, if such term is allowable, our foremothers — were subjected in the “good old times,” but which have now happily fallen into desuetude. There are, besides these, several other varieties of obsolete modes of punishment, however, which it is my intention to bring, from time to time, before my readers. For instance, the Pillory, the Stocks, the Whipping-Post, the Pressing of Mutes, the Thew, the Mortar, and others, are each and all worthy of more than a passing notice — they are well deserving of being fully described, illustrated, and preserved in the pages of the “RELIQUARY.” In the present article I purpose confining myself to the throwing together of a few notes on the Pillory, that

—————“State trap of the law,  
Which neither can keep knaves nor honest men in awe,”

of which but few people can be so ignorant as not to have heard, and of the “sweets” of which but few people, I apprehend, would be glad to taste a second time.

Originally instituted as a public means of degradation for dishonest bakers and others, who cheated the poor man of his dole — to bring

shame upon them by setting them up above their brethren as examples to which the finger of scorn might point — it degenerated afterwards into a political instrument, made powerful in the hands of factions and of intolerant Governments, and at last became a punishment for various misdemeanours, ranging from manslaughter down to "hedge-raking," and from vagrancy up to sedition. It was a punishment alike inflicted on men and on women, and one which was indeed a dread infliction for any one to undergo. The dishonest baker and the cheating ale-wife, the seller of putrid flesh, and the night brawler, the forger of letters, and the courtesan, alike, in the early days of its institution, felt its sad effects, and it became at once

"The terror of the cheat and quean,  
Whose heads it often held, I ween."

And in later days free-speaking men, free-thinking politicians, free-writing authors, and free-acting publishers, were doomed to bear its infliction, who in many cases found it but the stepping-stone from perhaps obscurity to heroism, and were through it looked upon as saints and martyrs, who had passed through a dread fiery ordeal, and had come out at last purified. To some poor starving authors, and obscure publishers, the Pillory became a real blessing; they were condemned to it poor and unknown, they stood in it an hour or more, and then stepped out of it national martyrs, whom every one delighted to succour and to honour! But not so with others. Some sensitive minds died through very shame and mortification; others died through ill-usage, and thus the Pillory had its victims as well as the gallows.

The punishment of the Pillory has been used in most countries of Europe for several centuries. In the Anglo-Saxon laws of Withred, in the VII. century, "*Healsfang*," signifying literally a *catch-neck*, is named, and undoubtedly was a kind of pillory, and in some Anglo-Saxon MSS. men held in forked posts are represented. In the laws of Canute, too, it is called *Healsfang*, from its use of "catching," or "holding" the neck, and hence, too, its later name of *collistrigium* (quasi *collum strigens*) is evidently taken. In France it was called *pillorie*, and more recently *carcan*, and in Germany *pranger*.

In early periods of English history, the right of having a pillory and tumbrel, and sometimes also *furca*, or gallows, within their jurisdiction, was claimed and insisted on as a beneficial franchise, by lords of leets. In process of time this privilege was converted into a burthen for the public use; and such persons were held to be bound to maintain a pillory and tumbrel, as appurtenant to their criminal jurisdiction, on pain of forfeiture of their franchises. This was the case in several manors in Derbyshire, as well as in every other county. Thus at ALFRETON, for instance, in the reign of Edward the Third, Thomas de Chaworth, among other liberties, claimed the right of having a *pillory*, tumbrel, and gallows for that manor.

In "the Greate Abridgement of all ye Statutes of Englāde untill the xxxiii yere of the reygne of our moste drad soueraygne lord king Henry the eyght. To whō be all honour, reuerence, and ioyful cōtinuāce of his prosperous reygne, to the pleasure of God and weale of this his realme," printed by William Middleton in 1542, the

punishment of the pillory is thus stated, in the assize of bread and ale, to have been ordained by King Henry the Third —

"This is the assyse of breade & ale that is conteyned in wryttinge in the kinges marshalse after the sale of the best seconde & the thyrd whete, and as well the wastell as all other breade what so euer kinde it be, shall wey according as is sayde by the sale of the myddyl whete. Nor this assyse shall not be chaungyd, though the weyght of breade decrece or lerece by vi. d. 1 ye sale of a quarter of whete. And euery baker shall haue his proper marke vpon euery kind of breade, &c. And the baker if his farthinge breade be folsde lackynge weyght. i. l. s. vi. or vnder he shalbe americyd, and if he excede it, he shalbe set on the pyllory and shall not be for gyuen for golde nor syluer. The assyse of ale shalbe ordeyned after the sale of corne. And the bruer shall not increase more in a galon, except the quarter of malte increase by. xii. d. And yf he breake the assyse, the fyrste tyme secods and thyrd, he shalbe americyd, and the fourth tyme without any raunsome he shalbe set on the pyllory. The pyllory shalbe of a metely strengthe, so that they that be faultye maye be thereon without any iopardye of theyr lyuys. If any sel flowre by a false waye at the fyrst tyme he shalbe greuously punysshed at the seconde he shall lose all his flowre, the thyrd tyme he shalbe set on the pyllory, and the fourth he shall forswere the towne, &c. And lykewise shalbe done to bakers that be faultye. And bochers that sell mesyde hogges and moreyn fleshe, or by of Jewys and sell to Chrysten men, at the fyrst tyme they shalbe greuously americyd, the seconde tyme be set on the pyllory, the thyrd tyme they shall be imprysoned and make fyne, and the fourth tyme abiure the towne." \* \* \*

"In some boke there is such a statute, yf the baker or bruer be cōuict y<sup>t</sup> he obserued not the assyses, the fyrst tyme secods & thyrd he shalbe amerced after the quantytye of the fautes, yf he haue not greuously offēded. But if he haue greuously offēded & oftymes, & wyl not be corrected, than they shalbe punysshed by the body's, the baker to y<sup>e</sup> pyllory, and the bruer to the tumberell. And the maner is put in the statute howe they ought to be cōuict & also there is put certayne articles to be enquired of upon hat mater. Statutum vocatum iudicium pillorie."

In "the New Boke of Justices of Peace, made by Anthonie Fitz Herbard,"\* that fine old Derbyshire worthy, too, the following, among other interesting references to the offences for which the punishment of the pillory was to be inflicted, occur, as enacted 2 Henry VII. —

"Weyghtes & mesures must be in euery cite, borough, & market towne, marked accordynge to the standerde, and no persō bie nor sel in any place with any mesures or weightes, except it be marked & egal with the standerde, And they y<sup>t</sup> do contrary shal forfayte for the first defaute. vi. s. viii. d. & the secōd tyme. xiii. s. iiii. d. & the thyrd tyme. xx. s. & to be set upon the pillory. And. iiii. bushel rated maketh y<sup>e</sup> quarter, & xiiii. li. the stone, and. xvi. stone maketh the sacke. An. ii. Henrici vii. Capi. iiii."

In the reign of Edward the First the pillory occurs among the Articles of Usage of the City of London —

"These are the articles of ancient usage, as to the assize of Bread, and of Ale, and of other victuals, and as to various mysteries, in the City of London, that ought each year, after the feast of St. Michael, to be proclaimed throughout the said city.

OF CORN DEALERS — And whereas some buyers and brokers of corn do buy corn in the city of country folks who bring it to the city to sell, and give, on the bargain being made, a penny or halfpenny by way of earnest; and tell the peasants to take the corn to their house, and that there they shall receive their pay. And when they come there, and think to have their payment directly, the buyer says that his wife at his house has gone out, and has taken the key of the room, so that he cannot get at his money; but that the other must go away, and come again soon and receive his pay. And when he comes back a second time, then the buyer is not to be found; or else if he is found, he feigns something else, by reason whereof the poor men cannot have their pay. And sometimes while the poor men are waiting for their pay the buyer causes the corn to be wetted,† and then when they come back for their pay, which was agreed upon, they are told to wait until such a day as the buyer shall choose to name, or else to take off a part of the price; which if they will not do, they may take their corn and carry it away; a thing which they cannot do because it is wetted, and in another state than it was when they sold it, and by such evil delays on the part of the buyer, the poor men lose half of their pay in expenses before they are settled with.

\* Printed by Richard Tottle, October 17th, 1554.

† For making into malt.



It is provided, that the person towards whom such knavishness shall be committed, shall make complaint unto the mayor; and if he shall be able to make proof, and convict the buyer before the mayor of the wrong so done to him, the buyer shall pay unto the vendor double the value, and full damages as well, in case the mayor shall see that the value aforesaid does not suffice for the damage which he has received; and nevertheless, let him also be heavily amerced unto the King, if he have the means. And if he have not the means of paying the penalty aforesaid, or of finding the amercement, then he shall be *put in the PILLORY, and remain there one hour in the day at least. A Serjeant of the City standing by the side of the Pillory with good hue and cry as to the reason why he is punished.*

OF BUTCHERS—And whereas some *Butchers* do buy beasts of the country folks, and as soon as they have the beasts in their houses, kill them, and then at their own pleasure delay the peasants of their pay; or else tell them that they may take their beasts. It is provided, that the penalty which in such case is as to buyers and brokers of corn ordained, shall be incurred by such *Butchers* as shall thereof be attainted.

OF BAKERS—And that two loaves shall be made for one penny, and four loaves for one penny; and that no loaf shall be baked of bran. And that no Baker shall sell bread before his oven, but only in the market of his lordship the King. And if any one is found selling in his house, he shall be amerced in the sum of Forty Shillings. And that no one shall buy such bread, under pain of losing the loaf. And that each baker shall have his own seal, as well for brown bread as for white bread; that so it may be better known whose bread it is. And that each Alderman shall view the seals of the bakers in his Ward. And that no baker of white bread shall make *tourte*\* bread, and no one who makes *tourte* make white bread. And that no baker shall buy corn to sell again. And that no baker who makes *tourte* bread, shall sell his flour to cooks for making pastry; nor in any other manner shall get rid of such flour, on peril that pertains thereunto. And that the bread of bakers shall be taken (for examination as to weight and quality) every month, once at the very least, or more times if it be necessary. And that each baker shall shew his seal at each Wardmote, that so it may be known.

And if any default shall be found in the Bread of a Baker of the City, the first time, let him be *drawn upon a Hurdle* from the Guildhall to his own house, through the great streets where there may be the most people assembled, and *through the great streets that are most dirty, with the faulty loaf hanging about his neck.* If a second time he shall be found committing the same offence, let him be *drawn from the Guildhall through the great street of Chepe*, in manner aforesaid, to the *Pillory*. And let him be put upon the Pillory, and remain there at least one hour in the day. And the third time that default be found, he shall be drawn, and the oven shall be pulled down, and the baker made to forswear the trade within the city for ever.

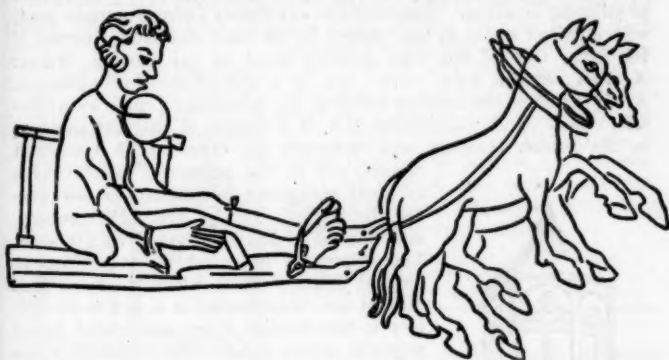
And that no baker of the town shall give unto the regratresses (female retailers of bread from house to house), the sixpence on Monday morning, by way of hansel-money, or the threepence on Friday for curtesy-money; but after the ancient manner, shall give thirteen articles of bread for twelve. Nor shall any one take back the bread from the regratresses when cold, under pain of grievous amercement, whoever thereof shall be attainted; but let him throw all such outlays into his bread, for the profit of the people."

Fraudulent millers were also adjudged the same punishment of the hurdle and pillory as the bakers.

The infliction of the Pillory upon dishonest Bakers, to which I have alluded, was, it will be seen, rendered more than doubly severe by the manner in which they were taken to the place of punishment. Fancy a baker selling a poor woman a farthing loaf—for they were all farthing and halfpenny loaves—of light weight; fancy her appealing to the pompous Alderman of her ward; the delinquent being sent for to appear before him at Guildhall, there to find himself confronted with the woman, and the cheating loaf rising up in judgment against him; fancy him attainted and doomed; and then see him tied on to a hurdle at Guildhall door, his hands lashed to his sides, the hateful loaf hung round his neck, a couple of horses attached to the hurdle, and then

\* *Tourte*, coarsest kind of brown.

see him in mock state drawn thence, "through the great streets where there may be most people assembled, and through the great streets that are most dirty," to his own house, to exhibit his infamy to his



neighbours. Surely this would seem to be punishment enough to deter even bakers from continuing their malpractices, and to make them give full weight, aye and over, rather than subject themselves to a repetition of it. But it was not so, and for a second offence he was drawn to the pillory, and for the third was taken to one of the gates of the city, and made to forswear it for ever. By the kindness of Mr. H. W. Sass, F.S.A., I am enabled to give the accompanying fac-simile engraving of a baker thus drawn on a hurdle, which is copied from the original MSS. of the Liber Albus of the City of London.

In the 7th of Richard II. the punishment of the pillory was first ordered for "courtezans," "common scolds," and other like immoral delinquents, male and female. Thus, for a man who should be found guilty of an immoral course of life, it was ordained thus —

"First, let all his head and beard be shaved, except a fringe on the head, two inches in breadth; and let him be taken to the Pillory with minstrels, and set thereon for a certain time, at the discretion of the Mayor and Aldermen." For the second offence he was to have the same punishment and ten days' imprisonment; and for the third, in addition "afterwards let him be taken to one of the city gates, and there let him forswear the City for ever."

For a woman, guilty of the same course of life, it was ordered —

"If any woman shall be attainted, first, let her be openly brought, with minstrels, from prison unto the *Thew*,\* and set thereon for a certain time at the discretion of the Mayor and Aldermen; and there let her hair be cut round about her head." For the second and third offences the penalties were same as before.

"Item. If any woman shall be found to be a common Courtesan, and if the same shall be attainted, let her be taken from the prison unto Aldgate with a hood of ray, and a white wand in her hand; and from thence, with minstrels, to the *Thew*, and there let the cause be proclaimed; and from thence, through Chepe and Newgate, to Cokkes-lane, there to take up her abode." For the second time to be set on the *Thew*, and for the Third, to have her hair cut round about her head while upon the *Thew*, and afterwards taken to one of the city gates, and made to forswear the city for ever.

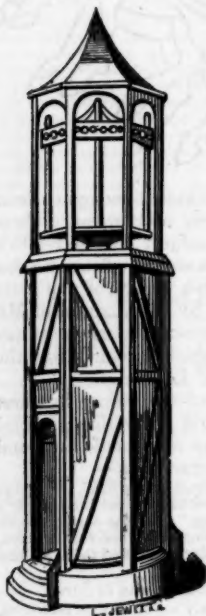
"Item. If any man or woman shall be attainted of being a brawler or scold, let

\* A kind of Pillory used mostly for women.

such person be taken unto the Thew, with a distaff with tow in his or her hand, with minstrels, and be set thereon for a certain time, at the discretion of the Mayor and Aldermen."

The form of the Pillory varied very much, at different periods, and in different localities. Sometimes it was simply a strong upright post, with a pair of stocks at top, pierced for the head and hands, instead of the feet. One of this kind formerly stood on old London Bridge. A pillory of this form occurs also in a MS. of the XIII. century. A very business-like-looking erection, for pillorieing people by wholesale, occurs in an illuminated MS. of Froissart of the XV. century, in the British Museum, and represents the execution of Aymerigot

Mancel, one of the leaders of bands which in great companies devastated France during the English wars of the XIV. century, and was taken and condemned as a traitor. This pillory is engraved in the "Archæological Album," from which we learn that Mancel was "first carried in a cart to the Pillory in the Market Place, and turned round within it several times. The different crimes for which he was to receive death were then read aloud, after which his head was cut off." The pillory here shown, it will be seen, was capable of "accommodating" twelve persons at once, and was so constructed as to turn round like a spit, and exhibit its wretched inmates, with their heads and hands protruding through the boards, to the crowd on every side.



Another, and by far the most usual variety in later times, consisted of a strong timber framework, sometimes fixed on a pivot, so as to turn round, in which the upper or lower boards moved in grooves, to admit the head and hands, which were then locked firmly in. In other instances, a large and "stately erection" of stone was built, and surmounted by an open shed with a spire-roof, from post to post, of which the pillory was attached. A very ornamental example of this kind formerly existed at Dublin.

Of the Pillory at DERBY, no representation has, to my knowledge, been preserved. Fortunately, however, I have recently become possessed of a very rough drawing, made evidently by a person thoroughly ignorant of drawing, but who had a desire, perhaps through some pique, to pillory a certain surcharger of taxes on paper, if he could not do it in reality. This little sketch, rude as it is, is enough to show that the Derby Pillory, which used to stand in the Market Place, was of that kind I have described as composed of a framework of timber with sliding boards. Of this rude sketch I give a reduced

fac-simile — omitting the name of the person supposed to be undergoing the punishment — and have also given the explanatory writing —

“ ——— the Surcharge of Taxes to STAND IN THE PILLORY from Eleven to Twelve o'clock in Derby Market Place on Whitsuntide



fair day for making people purjur themselves. Devil says well done ———, surcharge all, you rob them of not less than two or three hundred a-year, surcharge every one my good lad, make as many forswear themselves as you can, thou art a good and faithful steward, when thou comes into my kingdom thou shall be ruler over ten cities.

“ ——— you find the Pillory is your fate,  
With durt, and rotten eggs avat thy pate,  
If from the gallows your life they should save,  
Tho' all agree they could not hang a greater knave.”

One of the most remarkable instances in which the Pillory at Derby was used, was for the punishment of a notorious woman, Eleanor Beare, in the early part

of last century. This woman kept a public-house on the then outskirts of the town, the White Horse, on Nun's Green, which still stands, and still bears its old name, the “White Horse,” in Friar Gate; a little old-fashioned but picturesque place, which of itself is worthy a corner in our publication, so rapidly are the old houses of the town being destroyed.

This Eleanor Beare is said to have been a handsome woman, with a will of her own, and that will one which led her into very disreputable and immoral pursuits; and thus her house bore any thing but a respectable name. Near her lived a butcher named Hewitt, who frequented her house, and, though a married man, had formed a connection with a servant of Mrs. Beare's, named Hannah Ollerenshaw. Hewitt had for long behaved cruelly to his wife, and kept her literally starving. Mrs. Beare agreed with him to get her out of the world, and invited her to dine off some pancakes, mixed by herself and fried by her maid. They contained arsenic, and in three hours Hewitt was a widower. The next day all the parties were seized and committed. At the trial Hewitt, and the poor girl Ollerenshaw, who it seems was the least culpable of any of the party, and was much pitied, were condemned, and afterwards executed, while Mrs. Beare escaped the fate she so justly merited. She was afterwards doomed to the pillory, and imprisonment. Hutton gives a very graphic account of this affair, and thus concludes —

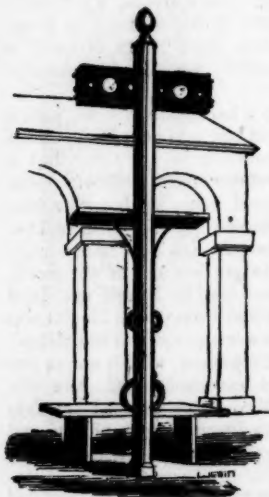
“ Though Mrs. Beare was acquitted, the world was well convinced she was the wicked authoress of that mischief, by which three people had recently lost their lives; they were therefore solicitous to take hers. For this purpose, several indictments were preferred against her, at the next Assizes. But though her crimes were of an atrocious nature, and sufficiently blackened by the counsel, yet, being unknown to the law, except by the vague name of *misdemeanors*, it had not provided an adequate punishment.

This wholesale dealer in human destruction, was only sentenced to stand two market-days in the pillory, and sustain three years' imprisonment. I saw her, August 18, 1732, with an easy air ascend the hated machine, which overlooked an enraged multitude. All the apples, eggs, and turnips, that could be bought, begged, or stolen, were directed at her devoted head. The stagnate kennels were robbed of their contents, and became the cleanest part of the street. The pillory, being out of repair, was unable to hold a woman in her prime, whose powers were augmented by necessity; she released herself, and, jumping among the crowd, with the resolution and agility of an amazon, ran down the Morlege, being pelted all the way; new kennels produced new ammunition, and she appeared a moving heap of filth. With difficulty they remounted her; and I saw the exasperated brother of the unfortunate Rosamond pull her with violence into the pillory by the hair. An human being in distress excites commiseration, whatever is the cause. Her punishment exceeded death. By the time they had fixed her, the hour expired, and she was carried to prison, an object which none cared to touch.

The next Friday she appeared again, not as a young woman, but as an old one, ill, swelled, and decrepid; she seemed to have advanced thirty years in one week. The keeper suspecting some finesse from the bulk of her head, took off ten or twelve coverings, among which was a pewter plate, fitted to the head, as a guard against the future storm. He tossed it among the crowd, and left no covering but the hair. The pillory being made stronger, and herself being weaker, she was fixed for the hour; where she received the severe peltings of the mob, and they, her groans and her prayers.—She afterwards sustained the three years' imprisonment, recovered her health, her spirits, and her beauty; and at her enlargement was preceded by a band of music. She died in the meridian of life.

I am only aware, at present, of three examples of the Pillory being still in existence, but of all these I am enabled to give representations. They are at Marlborough, in Wiltshire; Coleshill, in Warwickshire; and Rye, in Sussex.

The one at COLESHILL—it will be seen from the accompanying



beam at the top, and which, it will be seen, was capable of accommodating two culprits at once.

Of the MARLBOROUGH example, which was last publicly used in the year

engraving, from a sketch by my brother, Mr. O. Jewitt—is a particularly business-like-looking erection, combining within itself the three kindred engines of punishment, the Stocks, Whipping-post, and Pillory, one above the other. It will be seen to consist of a thick, strong, upright post. At a little distance from the bottom are two iron loops, for *Stocks*—the culprit being seated on the wooden bench at the back, with his legs through these loops. Above this, and forming the *Whipping-post*, is a pair of smaller iron loops, through which the hands of misdemeanants were passed and locked in, while, bare-backed, they received the lash; and over this again is a "shelf," supported on brackets, on which the poor wretches condemned to the *Pillory* stood, with their heads and hands through the holes in the cross

1807, I am enabled, through the kindness of Mr. E. Kite, of Devizes, to give the accompanying illustrations, which are thus described by my late friend Mr. Carrington, of the Western Circuit —



"It is a wooden frame, four feet three inches in height, by about three feet in width, containing four horizontal panels, the central two of which, sliding upwards and downwards, enclosed the neck and wrists of the criminal in three holes, pierced for the purpose, the larger one being about six, and the two smaller ones each three inches in diameter.

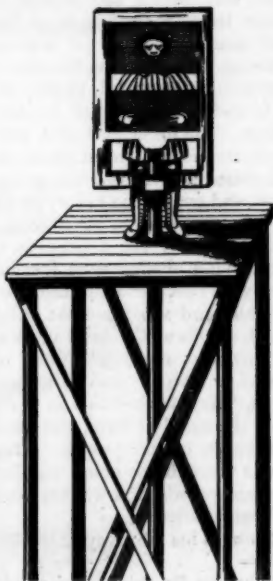
"The second woodcut represents the Marlborough pillory as set up for use. The wooden frame shown in the engraving is here elevated on a strong upright post, about fifteen feet in height, the lower end being firmly fixed in the ground, and a platform erected round it, at the height of about twelve feet, on which the criminal stands. His head and hands being then firmly fastened into the frame, which

turned on a swivel, he was left to escape as best he could the various kinds of missiles which were indiscriminately showered at him by the surrounding multitude."

At RYE, the Pillory is still preserved in the north aisle of the chancel, formerly known as St. Clare's Chancel, in the Parish Church, and is engraved on Plate XVIII. from a photograph, courteously taken expressly for the purpose, by Mr. Parsons of that town. Of this Pillory I am favoured with the following particulars by Mr. Holloway, the learned author of the "History of Rye and Romney Marsh" —

"During the long war which ended in 1815, many French officers broke their parole, and were conveyed over to France by smugglers from Rye, and other parts of the coast; and among those officers was one of no less note than General Philippon, who, arriving at Rye, was assisted in his final escape by a publican in our town; and who, having been convicted of this act, was condemned to stand in this pillory, which was placed on the beach, and his head turned towards the French coast; but since that event, I have never heard that it has been put in requisition.

"The pillory measures about six feet in height, by four in width. It consists of two upright posts affixed to a platform, and has two transverse rails, the upper one of which is divided horizontally, and has a hinge, to admit of the higher portion being lifted so as to allow of the introduction of the culprit's head and hands. Through the platform and the lower rail there are round perforations, into which, when the instrument was in requisition, an upright



MARLBOROUGH.



bar, probably of iron, was introduced, so as to allow the pillory, with its unfortunate tenant, to be turned bodily round at pleasure."

At LEWES, in the same county, a pillory was constructed scarcely fifty years ago, for the punishment of a person or persons, who had aided the escape of a prisoner of war; and was employed on Fairlight Down, which borders the sea between Hastings and Rye.

At ABINGDON, a somewhat similar Pillory was in existence until within the last thirty years, and is thus described, in a letter to myself, by Robert Payne, Esq., of Wallingford —

"In my boyish days there stood at the east end of the Old Market House, or Town-Hall, a Cage, in which culprits were held in 'durance vile.' On the top of it was a Pillory, and in the front the Stocks and a Whipping-post. The cage was a wooden structure, as far as I can recollect about 8 feet square, with bars round the upper part to admit light and air, and I well remember, as a lad, climbing up to look in at some poor wretch locked up for drunkenness or other peccadillo. They were all removed some forty years ago, the pillory and cage are gone to the tomb of the Capulets, but the stocks were standing a few years ago in a court under the old Abbey Gateway.

I well remember an old inhabitant of the town telling me that he saw the last person who was put in the pillory; an old man named Hutt, a Dissenter and Jacobin. He described his being pelted to such a degree with rotten eggs, mud, and filth, that he became black in the face and swooned, so that they were obliged to take him down before his sentence had expired, or he would have died under the punishment."

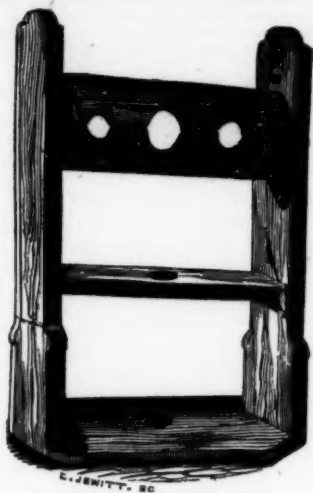
At WALLINGFORD an erection, combining the Pillory, Whipping-post, and Stocks, very similar to the Coleshill example, existed until about thirty years ago, when the pillory was removed; but the stocks still remain *in situ*. Of this example I have been favoured with a drawing (by Mr. Louis Manton Corner), from which the accompanying engraving is executed, by the Mayor of Wallingford, J. Hilliard, Esq. It is undoubtedly one of the best examples which has come under my notice. The lower part of it, the stocks, still stands against the Town-Hall, and forms a most picturesque object. It will be seen that it is calculated to hold two delinquents in the stocks, one at the whipping-post, and one in the pillory at the top.

One of the most interesting and curious representations of the punishment of the Pillory, as inflicted in the reign of Charles II., occurs on a playing card forming one of a very curious pack, apparently of that period, in the possession of Mrs. Fitch, of Blackheath. Of this card she has most obligingly allowed me to make the copy which stands at the head of this article (page 209 ante). Each card in this pack represents some conspirator, or event, of that strange period of history; and this one, the "Knave of Clubs," shows one of them, "*Reddin Standing in y<sup>e</sup> Pillory.*" The pillory, in this instance, is of the simplest form, and affixed on a platform about the height of the heads of the people. "Reddin," in this instance, has not his hands through the holes, but hanging by his sides. Over his head is a paper, on which is written his crime, and the platform is surrounded by men-at-arms.

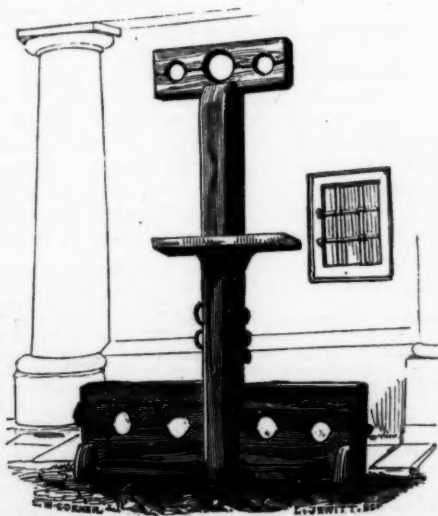
Stow, in his "Survey of London," thus describes the Pillory on Cornhill —

"Then was the well planked over, and a strong prison made of timber, called a cage, with a pair of stocks therein, set upon it; and this was for night-walkers. On the top of which cage was placed a pillory, for the punishment of bakers offending in the assize of bread; for millers stealing the corn at the mill; for bawds, scolds, and other offenders. As in the year 1468, the 7th of Edward IV., divers persons being common jurors, such as at assizes were forsworn for rewards, or favour of parties, were judged to ride from Newgate to the pillory in Cornhill, with mitres of paper on their



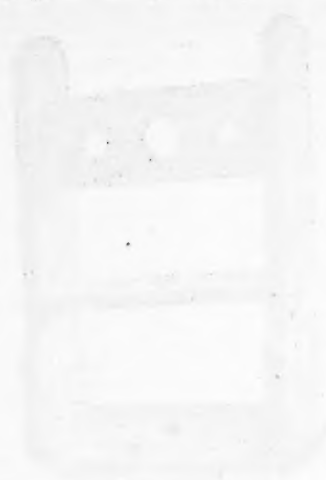


PILLORY AT RYE, SUSSEX.



PILLORY, WHIPPING-POST, AND STOCKS, WALLINGFORD, BERKSHIRE.

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heads, there to stand. And from the year 1509, the first of Henry VIII., Darby, Smith, and Simpson, ringleaders of false inquests in London, rode about the city with their faces to the horses tails, and papers on their heads, and were set on the pillory in Cornhill, and after brought again to Newgate, where they died for very shame, saith Robert Fabian."

It would be useless to attempt to give in this paper memorandums of all towns where pillories are known to have existed, and to have been used. Records of them are to be met with in corporation books throughout the kingdom. A few examples, however, of these notices may be interesting.

At BEVERLEY, in the 21st Edward I., John, Archbishop of York, claimed right of Gallows and Gibbet, and right of "*Pillory and Tumbrell*;" and in the Corporation accounts for 1650 the following entries occur, and show what a substantial building it must have been—

" Paid to Marmaduke Wrightson for working at the Pillory	iiijl.	xviiijs.	iiijd.
" Wm. Power for bricks about the Pillory	...	viii.	xvs.
" Mr. Wrightson for tiling the Pillory	...	vijs.	vjd.

At LEICESTER, the right of having a Pillory was possessed by the municipal body, and by the vellum book, among the early regulations for the government of the town, it was inflicted on dishonest tradesmen, for breaking the assize of provisions, under the authority of the "*Statute of Pillory and Tumbrell*," enacted in the reign of Henry the Third. The pillory stood in the Market Place, on the Cornwall, as in the Chamberlain's account, for the year 1608, the charges appear for setting up the new pillory there, and the sum of forty shillings was received "for part of the old Pillourie wood which was to spare." In 1686 another was erected, and the sum of ten shillings was received of a gentleman towards building it.

At LANCASTER, the Pillory was placed in the Market Place, and on the 2nd of April, 1803, James Morris was pilloried for fraud, and was found dead in bed next morning, "by the visitation of God," as the wise jury who "sat on his body" affirmed. On July 18, 1807, Joshua Newsham was also pilloried in Lancaster Market Place.

At BANBURY, the Pillory, the Cage, the Ducking-Stool, and the Stocks, were all connected together, and must have formed a highly curious and picturesque group. The following items relating to the pillory occur in the Corporation accounts for the year 1556—

"Item, received of Hugu Sly, for old tymbre of the pyllore, vjd.

*The charge.*

Imprimis, for takyng downe of the pyllry, ijd.

Payde to the carpendar for workenge of the pyllrye and att ower hall for vj dayes and nyghtts, vjs. viiijd.

Payd to the massones for takyng down of the pyllrye and workenge down of the particion of ower halle, ijs. ijd.

Payd for carynge partt of the cage fro the castell, vj.

Payd to Northan Jhon for caryge of tymbar of the cage from the castell, vj.

Payd for setting up of the cage, to Nycolas Sturgen and Jhon Carpendre, vis. viiijd.

Payd to Thomas Yoyke for caryge of the Tymbre of the cage to the court hall from the castell, vj.

Payd for makyng the castell walle agayne that was brokon downe in havying out the cage, iiijd.

Payd for ij horse lokes for the cage dore, and the stokes, xxd.

At ROTHERHAM the Pillory was fixed by the side of the Pariah Churchyard.

At SALISBURY the Pillory was in use in the Market Place as late as the year 1805.

At DEVIZES it was placed in the Market Place, too, and was used in the present century.

At KINGSTON it was used late in the last century.

At LYME REGIS, the Cage, or Pillory, having been neglected, the jury made this presentment in 1584 —

"That Mr. Mayor do cause the cage, or pillory, to be set up in good order before the feast of St. John Baptist, upon pain of 10s.

The pillory was coloured in 1650, at a cost of 4s.

The mayor and corporation having been presented again, in 1694, for not repairing the pillory, Mr. Samuel Courtenay, Mayor, paid for boards about the shambles and pillory, in 1699, 1*l.* 15*s.* 8*d.*

In 1724, the constables were presented for not discharging their duty respecting the pillory and stocks; which presentment doubtless referred to the subjecting offenders to due discipline by means of these machines."

The following are a *few* of the offences for which judgment of the Pillory has been recorded as having been actually inflicted. A full list, and a collection of the extracts I have made from different sources, would swell this paper to an enormous size. The following will be sufficient to show the class of misdemeanants for which it was used —

Selling a peck of stinking eels.

Enhancing the price of corn.

Selling oats, good on the outside, and the rest bad.

Making false deeds.

Deficiency of coals in sacks.

Rings, and buckles, and circlets, made of latten (brass) plated with gold and silver, and sold for gold and silver.

Selling stinking and putrid poultry.

For lies uttered against William Walworthe.

Upon two men for begging under false pretences.

For false sacks.

Lies.

A false queek (qy. a chessboard).

False dice.

False and fabricated letter.

A lie told of the Mayor.

Soothsaying as to a Mazer that had been stolen.

Selling rotten fish called "Conger."

Enhancing the market.

Practising the Art Magick.

Placing a certain piece of iron in a loaf of bread.

Upon a person for pretending that he was son of the Earl of Ormonde.

Because he hired a certain approver to appeal (accuse) a certain Brewer.

For stealing a veil.

Lies uttered against John Iremayne, the Recorder.

Upon a person for lies and falsehoods uttered against the Mayor.

For making a certain false deed.

For writing the false deed aforesaid.

For stealing a leg of mutton at St. Nicholas Flesh Shambles.

For pretending to be an officer of the Marshalsea.

For cutting off a baselard (a dagger or short sword, worn suspended from the girdle, mostly by civilians), and abjuration of the city.

Upon John Hasilwode for a false seizure of ale.

Upon a certain woman, as being a common Courtesan and Procureess.

For false bow-strings.

Upon Geoffrey Lovey for lies uttered against Thomas Fauconore.

For a false bond.

Upon one who feigned himself a holy Hermit; and upon one who feigned himself a beggar (i.e. a proctor or collector of alms by proxy) for the Hospital of Bethdelem.

Upon three men, counterfeitors of the Seal of his Lordship the Pope, and of others, Lords of England.

Upon Laurence Newport, who exposed divers counterfeit Bulls.

Upon John Berforde for his falsehood and deception.

For selling putrid meat.

For selling a stinking pig.

For stealing meat and game.

For selling raw stinking meat.

For one peck of stinking eels.

On a person for pretending that he was an officer, when he was not, of the city.

For false dice, with which he played and deceived people.

For false obligation (or bond).

Upon Bartholomew Bosane, for a certain false obligation.

For a certain false and counterfeit letter.

For a deception committed, namely, counters (i.e. brass jettons, known as Abbey pieces, Abbey counters, Black-money, or Nuremberg Tokens), passed as gold.

For false sacks of coals.  
For lies uttered against the Mayor and Aldermen.

For selling a stinking partridge.

For cutting a purse.

On a person pretending he was an officer of the King.

For false and counterfeit Cup-bonds (*i. e.* Braces made of metal, on which Mazers and handled cups were strung. In the present instance they were of plated copper, sold as genuine silver).

On a certain man, for pretending that he was a Sheriff's Sergeant, meeting the Bakers of Stratford, and placing them under arrest, until they had paid a fine.

For a deception practised with a garland (a circlet or chaplet, made of gold or silver, for the head).

On a person for having affected (*i. e.* valued or set a price upon) his own corn to cause dearth thereby.

For forestalment of poultry.

For selling two stinking capons.

For corn affected in Common Market, above the common selling price.

For a stinking rabbit sold.

For selling ale by measure not sealed, and

for thickening the bottom of such measure with pitch.

For slander.

For publishing libels and seditious books.

For blasphemy.

Upon a person for pretending to be a Summoner of the Archbishop, and summoning the Prioress of Clerkenwell; as also for pretending to be a Purveyor for the King.

Imprisonment upon a person for a year and a day, and of Pillory each quarter for three hours, with a whetstone tied round his neck, for lies that were disproved. The origin of this custom seems not to be known. The whetstone was jocularly said to be the reward of the person who told the greatest lie; and "lying for the whetstone," is a phrase often met with in our old writers.

Upon certain Bakers, who had holes in their tables, called "moldyngbordes," by means whereof they stole their neighbours dough.

Upon a man for lies, with a whetstone tied round the neck.

For taking away a child to go begging with him.

In the Ordinances of the Writers of Court-Hand and Illuminators, are judgments of Pillory for making and writing false and counterfeit deeds, letters, and obligations (bonds).

At the BRISTOL Assizes, 1752—

"Mary Reade was tried for the murder of her child and acquitted; it appearing afterwards that her mother, Joan Read, was the occasion of the child's death, on which she was ordered into custody, and her daughter was also recommitted, in order to make evidence against her at these Assizes; when the old woman was ordered to stand in the Pillory, and afterwards to be transported for seven years. It seems the old woman choked the child to death, whether wilfully or carelessly, is not determined." (Thus it seems judgment was given, and punishment inflicted, though it was not determined whether the child died through accident or not)!

"December, 1779. Monday last, a blind man, near 60 years of age, stood in the pillory at DANBURY, in Wiltshire, for injuring a girl ten years old."

People frequently got so ill-used while undergoing the punishment, that they were literally murdered, and died while locked in. It is not unusual to meet with such entries as this—

"June 22, 1732. Last night, the corpse of John Waller, who was killed on the Pillory on Tuesday last, was buried at St. Andrew's Holborn."

And in the Bills of Mortality such entries as this are not of unfrequent occurrence—

"Casualties—Dec. 1732. Murder'd in the Pillory ... .. 1"

The use of the Pillory for political offences, and more especially for the publication of books, etc., considered objectionable by Government, was often accompanied by acts of great cruelty. The offender was frequently nailed by the ears, instead of being fastened by the neck, and in place of releasing by drawing the nail, the ear or ears were cut off and left attached to the post; and this was carried further than the pillory, for men were nailed by the ear to door and window posts, till, as in *Hudibras*, it is said—

"Each window like a Pillory appears,  
With heads thrust through, nail'd by the ears."

And in the same poem witches are said to be cutting snippets from malefactors on gibbets,

"Or from the Pillory, tips of ears,  
Of rebel saints and perjurers."

Daniel De Foe, Prynne, Bastwick, Curll, and many others, felt its effects, and were compelled, in it, to stand their "appointed hour." In 1703, De Foe published an "Ode to the Pillory," in which he thus speaks of the honour of being confined within its grasp —

"How have thy opening vacancies received,  
In every age the criminals of state!  
And how has mankind been deceived,  
When they distinguish crimes by fate!  
Tell us, great engine, how to understand,  
Or reconcile the justice of the land;  
How Bastwick, Pryn, Hunt, Hollingsby, and Pye,  
Men of unspotted honesty —  
Men that had learning, wit, and sense,  
And more than most men have had since,  
Could equal title to thee claim  
With Oates and Fuller, men of later fame.  
Even the learned Selden saw  
A prospect of thee through the law:  
He had thy lofty pinnacles in view,  
But so much honour never was thy due.  
Had the great Selden triumphed on thy stage,  
Selden, the honour of his age,  
No man could ever shun thee more,  
Or grudge to stand where Selden stood before."

Many other curious allusions, in the writers of that and subsequent periods, occur; but I must not swell the length of this paper by giving them. Curll's life, however, whose name is so intimately mixed up with Pope, has recently excited so much interest, through the medium of "Notes and Queries," that I cannot help adding a fresh scrap to the information which has been gleaned respecting him, and which I copy from "The British Spy, or Derby Post Man," of Thursday, Feb. 29, 1727, in my own possession —

"Yesterday Mr. Curll stood in the Pillory at Charing Cross, pursuant to his Sentence, for publishing the Memoirs of Ker of Kersland. He was treated with great Civility by the Populace, which is thought to be chiefly owing to the insinuating Paper his agents dispersed round about the Pillory, and is as follows, viz. —

"Gentlemen,

"To the Spectators.

"I hope you will consider that this gentleman, who now appears before you, is not guilty of any base or villainous crimes; he has indeed been found guilty of publishing three Books, and that for which he is thus exposed is called, *The Life and Actions of JOHN KER, of Kersland*, and who had from her late Most Gracious Majesty Queen ANNE, of Immortal Memory, the underwritten Leave and License, which will show you the Trust she had in him, and which he faithfully discharged. Likewise did this Gentleman, who now stands before you, perform his promise to him on his Death Bed, in publishing the Two last Books, he himself having published the first in his Life-time."

"Whereas, we are fully sensible of the Fidelity and Loyalty of JOHN KER, of KERSLAND, Esq., and of the Service he hath performed to Us and our Government. "We therefore grant him this Our Royal Leave and License, to keep company, and "Associate himself with such as are disaffected to us and our Government, in such way "or manner as he shall judge most for our service. Given under Our Royal Hand, at "Our Castle of WINDSOR, the 7th day of July, 1707, and of Our Reign the 6th Year.

"ANNE R."

Footo, in his farce of "The Patron," makes his publisher advise Dactyl to write a satire, to which he replies, "Yes, and so get cropped for a libel;" to which Puff replies —

"Cropped! ay, and the luckiest thing that can happen to you! Why, I would not give twopence for an author who is afraid of his ears! Writing, writing is; as I may say, Mr. Dactyl, a sort of warfare, where none can be victor that is the least afraid of a scar. Why, zooks, sir! I never got salt to my porridge till I mounted at the Royal Exchange: that was the making of me. Then my name made a noise in the world. Talk of forked hills and Helicon! Romance and fabulous stuff! The true Castalian stream is a shower of eggs, and a Pillory the poet's Parnassus."

In 1765, Williams the Bookseller stood on the Pillory for republishing the "North Briton," in 45 volumes, and the "Gentleman's Magazine" of that date says —

"The coach that carried him from the King's Bench Prison to the pillory was No. 45. He was received with the acclamations of a prodigious concourse of people. Opposite to the pillory were erected four ladders, with cords running from each other, on which were hung a jack-boot, an axe, and a Scotch bonnet. The latter, after remaining some time, was burnt, and the top of the boot chopped off. During his standing, also, a purple purse, ornamented with ribands of an orange colour, was produced by a gentleman, who began a collection in-favour of the culprit, by putting a guinea into it himself; after which, the purse being carried round, many contributed, to the amount on the whole, as supposed, of about two hundred guineas. Mr. Williams, on getting into the pillory, and getting out, was loudly cheered by the spectators: he held a sprig of laurel in his hand all the time."

In "Barrow's Reports" a case is given, which occurred in 1759. The Under-Sheriff of Middlesex was fined fifty pounds, and imprisoned for two months, by the Court of the King's Bench; because, in executing the sentence upon Dr. Shebbeare, who had been convicted of a political libel, he had allowed him to be attended on the platform by a servant in livery, holding an umbrella over his head, and to stand without having his neck and arms confined in the pillory.

In 1812, Eaton, an aged publisher, was condemned to the Pillory for publishing Paine's "Age of Reason," and was received with every demonstration of sympathy and respect. The immense crowd of people taking off their hats, and cheering him lustily, and wine and other good things were offered to him.

As a conclusion, I quote Thomas Hood's supposed "experiences" in the Pillory —

"I never was in the pillory but once, which I must ever consider a misfortune. For looking at all things, as I do, with a philosophical and inquiring eye, and courting experience for the sake of my fellow-creatures, I cannot but lament the short and imperfect opportunity I enjoyed of filling that elevated situation, which so few men are destined to occupy. It is a sort of Egg-Premiership; a place above your fellows, but a place in which your hands are tied. You are not without the established political vice, for you are not absolved from turning.

"Let me give a brief description of the short irregular glimpse I had of men and things, while I was in Pillory Power. I was raised to it, as many men are to high stations, by my errors. I merely made a mistake of some sort or other in an answer in Chancery, not injurious to my interests, and lo! the Recorder of London, with a suavity of manner peculiar to himself, announced to me my intended promotion, and in due time I was installed into office!

"It was a fine day for the pillory; that is to say, it rained in torrents. Those only who have had boarding and lodging like mine, can estimate the comfort of having washing into the bargain.

"It was about noon, when I was placed, like a statue, upon my wooden pedestal; an hour probably chosen out of consideration to the innocent little urchins then let out of school, for they are a race notoriously fond of shying, pitching, jerking, pelting, flinging, slinging — in short, professors of throwing in all its branches. The public officer presented me first with a north front, and there I was — 'God save the mark!' — like a cock at Shrovetide, or a lay-figure in a Shooting Gallery!

"The storm commenced. Stones began to spit — mud to mizzle — cabbage-stalks thickened into a shower. Now and then came a dead kitten — sometimes a living cur; anon an egg would hit me on the eye, an offence I was obliged to wink at. There is a strange appetite in human kind for pelting a fellow-creature. A travelling China-



man actually threw away twopence to have a pitch at me with a pipkin; a Billingsgate huckster treated me with a few herrings, not by any means too stale to be purchased in St. Giles's; while the weekly halfpence of the schoolboys went towards the support of a Costermonger and his Donkey, who supplied them with eggs fit for throwing, and for nothing else. I confess this last description of missiles, if missiles they might be called that never missed, annoyed me more than all the rest; and however, there was no remedy. There I was forced to stand, taking up my livery, and a vile livery it was; or, as a wag expressed it, 'being made free of the Peltmongers.'

"It was time to appeal to my resources. I had read somewhere of an Italian, who, by dint of mental abstraction, had rendered himself unconscious of the rack, and while the executioners were tugging, wrenching, twisting, dislocating, and breaking joints, sinews, and bones, was perchance in fancy only performing his diurnal Gymnastics, or undergoing an amicable Shampooing. The pillory was a milder instrument than the rack, and I had naturally a lively imagination; it seemed plausible, therefore, that I might make shift to be pelted in my absence. To attain a scene as remote as possible from pain, I selected one of absolute pleasure for the experiment; no other, in truth, than that Persian Paradise, the Garden of Gul, at the Feast of Roses. Flapping the wings of Fancy with all my might, I was speedily in those Bowers of Bliss, and at high romps with Hourii and Peri—

" 'Flinging roses at each other.'

"But, alas, for mental abstraction! The very first bud hit me with stone-like vehemence; my next rose, of the cabbage kind, breathed only a rank cabbage fragrance; and in another moment the claws of a flying cat scratched me back into myself; and there I was again, in full pelt in the pillory!

"My first fifteen minutes, the only quarter I met with, had now elapsed, and my face was turned towards the East. The first object my eyes fell upon was a heap of Macadamization, and I confess I never thought of calculating the number of stones in such a hillock, till I saw the mob preparing to cast them up!

"I expected to be lithographed on the spot! Instinct suggested to me that the only way to save my life was by dying; so dropping my head and hands, and closing my last eye with a terrific groan, I expired for the present. The *ruse* took effect. Supposing me to be defunct, the mob refused to kill me. Shouts of 'Murder! Shame! Shame! No Pillory!' burst from all quarters. The Pipkin-monger abused the Fish-woman, who rated the Schoolboys; they in turn fell foul of the Costermonger, who was hissing and groaning at the whole assembly; and finally, a philanthropic Constable took the whole group into custody. In the mean time I was taken down, laid with a sack over me in a cart, and driven off to a Hospital, my body seeming a very proper present to St. Bartholomew's or St. Thomas's, but my clothes fit for nothing but *Guy's*."

In bringing these hastily-thrown-together notes on the Pillory to a conclusion, I must express my satisfaction in knowing that so cruel a species of punishment, one so disgraceful, and so derogatory to a Government, should have been abolished by our own gentle-minded, just, and truly beloved Queen. It is pleasant to think, that since her accession to the Throne, after having remained in use for so many centuries, so barbarous a punishment should have been finally abolished.

DERBY, MARCH, 1861.

## ON THE EXTINCT ANIMALS OF DERBYSHIRE, IN THEIR RELATION TO MAN.

BY THOMAS BATEMAN, ESQ.

Local Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, etc., etc., etc.

ALTHOUGH, by no means so plentifully as many counties, Derbyshire has yet afforded numerous relics of mammalia of the post Pliocene period, some of which have ceased to exist in the Northern hemisphere since the debateable space of time intervening between the deposition of the newest Tertiary formation, and the appearance of man upon the earth; whilst others of existing genera, attributable to a later, but still remote age, have occurred under circumstances so peculiar as to merit attention. The sources whence these remains of the primæval fauna of the country have been derived, are the same in all places, and may be classed, beginning with the most ancient, into —

1. Alluvial gravel, or drift, of the post Pliocene period, occasionally filling caves, faults in the rock, and other like situations.
2. Porous Tufa, or Travertine, deposited in valleys by springs holding calcareous matter in solution, but which have ceased to flow.
3. Bogs, and swampy land, more especially when traversed by a stream, where animals coming to drink were mired in great numbers.
4. In vallies, under the debris of rocks disintegrated by atmospheric action, frosts, &c., locally called "Slither Beds."

Owing to the extensive denudation to which the mountain limestone district of North Derbyshire has been subjected, and to which the diluvial plains of the South are attributable, no accumulation of bone-bearing gravel is to be found upon the surface in any locality that has come under my observation; but the Pachydermata of the drift period are nevertheless well exemplified in the two discoveries recorded by Dr. Buckland, in his *Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*, being described at length in that work, pp. 61—67, there is no need to do more than refer to them except to give the original quaint notice of the first discovery of the skeleton of an Elephant in a large opening in the limestone rock, broken into by miners near Wirksworth, as long ago as 1663.

### "An account how the Giant's Tooth was found."

"As they was sinking to find lead oar upon a hill att Bawlee, within two miles of Wirksworth, in the Peake, about the year 1663, they came to an open place as large as a great Church, found the skeleton of a man standing against the side, rather declining. They gave an account that his braine-pan would have held two strike of corn, and that it was so big they cou'd not get it up the mine they had sunk without breaking it; being my grandfather, Robert Mower, of Woodseats, in the County of Derby, had a part of the above said mine, they sent him this toothe, with all the tines of it intire, and weighed 4 pound 3 ounce. Within this 35 years, as Alderman Revel, of Chesterfield, and several others now living can justifie, I had the abovesaid account from my father, Robert Mower, and one George Mower, an old man and cousin of mine as near as I can remember.

"Witness my hand,

"GEORGE MOWER."

The document here printed, along with the tooth of the Elephant, formed part of the collection of White Watson, F.L.S., of Bakewell. The other most important discovery, was the skeleton of a Rhinoceros, accompanied by detached remains of the Ox and Stag, found in a similar cavern that originally communicated with the surface, opened by sinking a shaft in the Dream lead-mine, near Wirksworth, in 1822. It has been said that the Rhinoceros was given to the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, but it does not appear in the Catalogue of that Collection printed in 1836. Doctor Buckland also mentions the horn of a very large Urus, found at a considerable depth in the diluvium near Butterley, which he seems to think contemporary. And Martin, in his work on Derbyshire Petrifications, gives an engraving of the skull of a wild cat, incrustated with stalagmite, found with other bones in an opening in the rock several yards from the surface, in a mine near Bakewell, which may claim an equal antiquity, although bones of more modern date are not unfrequently found in caves or fissures communicating with the surface, which must not be confounded with true fossil remains. A case in point is afforded by a very large collection of bones found in July, 1845, in a copper mine near Ilam, opened in one of the hills bounding the valley of the Dove, where the shaft, when about 20 yards from the surface, intersected a natural level or horizontal passage in the rock, the floor of which was thickly strewn with bones of the Fox, Wolf, Dog, Ox, and Goat, some so far deprived of animal matter as to adhere closely to the tongue. They were nearly all visible to a person descending the shaft, but some were partially embedded in a thin deposit of mud, produced by the infiltration of surface water. No communication with the surface could be detected, though one must have existed at some point not far distant. The Tufa beds found in many of the High Peak valleys through which the rivers still hold their course, may in some places be still in course of formation, but in general must be attributed to springs that have long ceased to flow, as is proved by their great extent, and elevation, when compared with the present water-level. This is clearly seen in Monsal Dale, and in a less degree, because the formation is more irregular, in the vale of the Lathkilm, commencing at Alport. The deposition of this calcareous matter, in all probability rapid at some remote period, seems to have ceased in the former locality long before the historic age, as in 1854, a human skeleton, accompanied by a flint instrument of artless manufacture, was found in a recess in the face of the Tufa plateau through which the Wye has excavated its course, at a height of several feet above what we may call high-water. The body had been interred and secured by collected limestones being placed in the mouth of the aperture; no further formation of Tufa having taken place since burial. Other evidence of the antiquity of these beds is afforded by the character of the remains embedded within them. From the higher part of Monsal Dale, near Litton, I have obtained teeth of a Bear of large size, and from Lathkilm Dale, bones of the Rhinoceros, Horse, and Red Deer, with land-shells of recent species, the preservation of the last indicating a rapid deposition of Tufa. The shed antlers of Red Deer are plentifully distributed, but skulls, or perfect horns,

are seldom found; a complete antler, with four points at the top, measuring three feet and half-an-inch along the outer curve, and  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches in medium circumference, was lent for the purpose of illustrating this paper, by R. W. M. Nesfield, Esq., of Bakewell. I have met with no instance of human remains embedded in Tufa, but an account of a so-called "Fossil Human Skeleton found in Lathkiln Dale," was read before the Royal Society, in the last century, by Dr. Gale, and is printed in the Philosophical Transactions, Vol. 43, page 265, which I here transcribe —

Near Bakewell, in Derbyshire, was lately found the skeleton of a man, with some stags' horns, as the workmen were driving a sough, or drain, to a lead mine, about nine yards deep from the surface of the earth, and about forty fathoms from the beginning of the sough. There were found with the skeleton, stags' horns, two pieces of which Mr. G. had, viz. ; the brow antler, which was nine inches long, and seemed to have about two inches broken off the tip end; the other, a piece of the large horn near the head, and was three inches diameter. Both the horns of the stag, and the rib-bones of the skeleton, were much decayed; and as soon as the head of the latter was exposed to the air, it crumbled all away, except a piece of the lower jaw. Several of the larger teeth were taken out, which were covered with their natural enamel, and perfectly sound. The place where these things were found, is on every side surrounded with a rocky petrified substance, or terra lapidea, by the miners called tuft, so hard, as they say, as to strike fire against their tools. This substance lay above the bones and horns a yard and a half thick, or more, and on either side, and beneath them to a breadth and depth uncertain; so that it appears that the skeleton and horns lay in a cavity, which was not however contiguous to them, there being a sort of soft coarse clay or marl, interspersed thick with little petrified balls, or pellets, of the same kind of substance as the tuft, for near a quarter of a yard round them; but none of the bones seemed in any degree to be petrified. The workmen conjectured there was more of the skeleton to be found, but they dug no farther than was necessary to complete their sough.

The interment of this man and stag seem to me to have been accidental, by their falling into a chasm, or wide cleft of the rock, in very early times; which has since closed up, and grown over them, by the accretion of the marly substance which environs the skeleton, &c. ; and in time, perhaps, will grow as hard as the tuft, and the rest of the rock.

But however the case may be with regard to the Tufa, there is no doubt whatever of the presence of human remains in the succeeding, if not coeval period, that witnessed the accumulation of bogs in the more open valleys, where the geological character of the parallel hills did not admit of calcareous springs, the prolific source of travertine. These swamps will generally be found to indicate the line of a fault, where the higher limestone capped with shale, has slipped down by the side of the more recent millstone grit; or, what is perhaps, more likely, the latter has been elevated. The Wye, near Bakewell, and the Bradford, near Middleton-by-Youlgrave, pass through basin-like expanses of this kind, and in both places have been found numerous bones of animals, which if not altogether extinct, have ceased to be met with in a state of nature, combined with ample evidence of the presence of man, both in his own osseous remains, and in the marks of his handiwork on the bones of those beasts that would form the natural food of a primitive people living by the chase. The animals derived from the two places include —

The Dog.

Wild Hog.

Horse, a small kind.

Deer, of uncertain species.

Red Deer.

Roebuck.

Goat.

Ox, very large, perhaps *Bos Urus*.

Ox, smaller, perhaps *Bos Longifrons*.

Skulls of some of these, found by deep draining near Haddon Hall in 1860, have been lent by Mr. Nesfield; and others, from Ashford, Matlock, Youlgrave, and especially Middleton, are preserved at Lomberdale. From Youlgrave we have a human tibia from the left leg, and several pieces of stag's horn exhibiting marks of art. One piece is notched round by a flint saw, preparatory to being broken off, which seems to have been the process usually resorted to in those primitive times. They were found in 1832 in widening the brook. About the same year, some men draining boggy land near Middleton, a mile higher up the valley, found many animal bones, and an entire human skeleton of a young adult, the bones perfectly black from the action of the tannin contained in the peaty soil. The lower jaw only has been preserved, the other parts being reinterred at the time, and the exact spot forgotten. Its small size and delicacy of form denote the female sex; but from the careless manner in which the bones were dug up, it is impossible to say whether its owner was accidentally swallowed up in the yielding ground, or was a victim of the fearful Scandinavian punishment of being buried alive in a bog, as described by Mr. Akerman in the 38th volume of the "Archæologia." The fact of most of the skeletons found in such situations being those of women is certainly peculiar, and gives a certain degree of probability to the theory, that this Pagan abomination was not entirely unknown in England. The skeleton of a woman, found in an unusually perfect state of preservation in a moss at Scaleby, in Cumberland, in 1845, was enveloped in a garment made of otter's skins, sewed together with twisted sinew. Later and more extensive drainage of the same land brought to light pieces of bog oak of large growth, many disconnected bones of most of the animals in our list, some tooled stag's horns, and the more connected remains of some individuals, which, from the presence of the fatty substance termed adipocire, formed by the chemical action of the peat upon certain animal tissues, may reasonably be supposed to have been entangled in the bog, where, being unable to extricate themselves, they perished. One of the stag's horns found at this time, and another found some years before in the bank of the Derwent near Matlock, have been trimmed in such a way as to render the lowest tine effective as a pointed weapon, the body of the horn forming the handle. Similar implements have been found, under circumstances indicating a most primitive origin, by M. Boucher de Perthes, near Abbeville; and more recently in the earliest Swiss Pfahlbauten, or lacustrine habitations of the aborigines. Perhaps the most recent deposits of human bodies found with skeletons of animals, and certainly those most difficult to explain, are such as have been found buried at the base of limestone hills, beneath the gravelly fragments detached by long-continued atmospheric influence from the rugged cliffs of bare rock, with which so many of the Derbyshire hills

are crowned. These sterile accumulations of dry stone, incapable of supporting the least vegetation, and locally termed "slither beds," are often considerable, and although mostly of small pieces of rock, contain occasional masses of large size, which have come down at long intervals. It seems unlikely that the skeletons found underneath should have been gradually covered, and on the other hand these beds do not appear well adapted for places of sepulture, still the finding of a bronze fibula of the Romano-British age, with the skeletons of two or three individuals, and those of two horses under a bed of this gravel at Conksbury, close to the Lathkilm, in 1847, favours the latter view. Two other instances of the occurrence of human skeletons, under precisely similar circumstances, have fallen under my observation; they were found at different points in Glutton Dale, near Church Sterndale, and were entirely devoid of relics of an artificial kind that might have served to throw light on their age. A few animal bones only accompanied the one last discovered. Other skeletons have been accidentally found in several places of the same kind, but not having personally investigated them, I do not venture to record them.

It is obvious that it would be rash in the extreme to draw conclusions, as to the antiquity of the human race, from facts so scanty, gleaned from a field so limited; but it may be allowed us to say, that *as far as it goes*, the negative evidence supplied by the non-discovery of traces of man in the diluvium, and unbroken Tufa, tends to strengthen the generally-received opinion of his late appearance upon the earth.

#### LOMBERDALE.

## LOVE'S RESURRECTION.

LOVE.

Ah ! lonely Argosie,  
Thou lonely ship, upon a silent sea,  
The sea of sorrow, and low-breathing moan,  
Alone ! Alone !

Why here, oh Argosie ?  
Thou once wert sailing on a silver sea,  
In joyous companie :  
The waves laughed gladly at the sun,  
Right merrilie !  
Why didst thou leave the gay and full sailed fleet ?  
Why art thou *here*, with loose and flapping sheet ?  
And drifting evermore  
To the darksome, ship-wrecked shore ?

LOVE.

" I am the pilot, sent to seek for thee,  
By the Great Father of our glorious land,  
To guide thee from this lonely sea,  
And bring thee gaily to the joyous strand."

SOUL.

" Thy name, brave pilot, let me see thy face,  
My eyes are dim, and yet methinks I trace  
A hopeful mission on thy face divine,  
And gazing, see, what once I thought was mine."

LOVE.

" My name is Love !  
Great Death came on me in that night of storm,  
And left thy helm without my human form,  
But straight above,  
My spirit wafted, but I gazed on thee,  
And now, though changed, I'll steer thy Argosie."  
The form may change, but love  
Has but one source of life,  
It cometh from above,  
And changeless is, amidst all change and strife,  
For Love is our great King ;  
Through human forms, he worketh to one end,  
And Angel Anthems ring,  
When in two souls both God and Nature blend.  
The heart is human, but the soul divine,  
But hearts are godlike when they both entwine ;  
The chain of God's great Spirit links the twain,  
Heaven comes to Earth, and Earth is Heaven again.  
Come wave-tossed Argosie,  
I take the helm. Farewell thou lonely sea.

Litchurch, April, 1860.

JAMES OKTON.



## NOTES ON THE PARISH REGISTERS OF BARROW AND TWYFORD.

BY THE REV. J. EDWARDS, M.A., VICAR OF THAT PARISH.

AMID other pursuits of deep and curious interest to myself, I have lately been decyphering the very singular registers of Barrow and Twyford. The toil, which has been not inconsiderable, has been amply repaid, to myself at least, by the agreeable gossip, as I may call it, which I have thus had the privilege of enjoying with the denizens of our parish, during the close of the 17th and the opening of the 18th centuries. Perhaps I overrate, not the interest, but the importance, of these "simple annals" of the past; if not, the annexed extracts will perhaps be considered worthy a corner in the "RELICUARY." At any rate I shall be glad if this communication may lead to similar inquiries, and similar results; for I cannot help believing, that those ancient documents, Parish Registers, if carefully examined and decyphered, would supply much that would prove of great worth, in its way, to the antiquary.

The Registers extend to the present time, from about the year 1657. There is, incidentally, as will be seen, a mention of earlier books. These are, unhappily, lost.

The best portion of the existing registers, as to both fullness and matter, is in the handwriting of Mr. Robert Norman. His name first appears Aug. 20, 1665, when "Christopher, sonne of Roger and Eliz. Wright, was baptized, Mr. Robert Norman, at Finderne, then Curate there;" and it is observable, that in this, as in several other instances, the register is that of a baptism in another parish. The next notice runs thus — "1660. Robert Norman, Curate to old Mr. Sam. Bold, of Mickleover, married to Elizabeth Hegge, Dec. 11." His presentation to this benefice took place in 1675, as he himself has thus recorded it — "Mr. Roger Farmer resigned Barrow, July 27, 1675; I, Robert Norman, was presented to Barrow-cum-Twyford." The extracts below give us a further insight into the life, perhaps the character, of this quiet priest; and I may observe, that his method and care in that part of his duties with which we are more immediately concerned, are as amusing as they are striking. Almost all his records are in Latin — Latin often curious, but not in the main without some pretence to accuracy and scholarship. I annex a specimen or two — "November. Elizabetha filia Gilberti Hackerdo, Twyford, Armigeri, et Elizabethæ Uxoris ejus baptizata fuit per me Rob. Norman. Anna filia Gulielmi & Saræ Wright baptizata fuit vicesimo secundo die. Nata autem erat primo Novembris aut *ed circiter*" (= or thereabouts).

Again — "Stenson; 1704. Michael Moulson et Jane Burley Vidua nupti fuerunt bannis matrimonialibus die Martis decimoque quinto Januarii."

Again — "Stenson; 1704. Robertus Brownhill mortuus est per secundam vel tertiam horam diei Veneris vigesimoque secundo Februarii."

Again — "Samuel filius Samuelis et Rachaelis Shilcock natus erat per Primam vel secundam horam vel inter secundam et tertiam horam

noctis trigesimo primo Decembris post mesonyction, baptizatus autem fuit die solis secundoque Januarii immediatè sequentis anno dom. 1708."

These specimens of the taste, habits, and scholarship of my worthy predecessor, will, I hope, appear to the reader to possess some curious interest; and in my judgment, one may not unreasonably infer, from the last extract, and from others of a similar character, that he dipped a little into astrology. I say nothing of the probable inference (deducible from some of his insertions) that he might have had a strong leaning to Nonconformity.

Besides the registration which he here made, of his occasional services as a priest in other parishes, he has extended his record to other events, which occurred elsewhere, and which formed probably the topic of village discourse at the moment. This will be seen from the copious extracts which I have made. Lastly, touching our excellent parson, I would direct especial notice to his account of his wife's death. The record of his own decease, in the hand of his successor, closes the pages so laboriously written by himself.

Permit me to make a remark on one or two other points worth notice.

There is half a page of entries made apparently by Daniel Sheldredine, who was in 1657 chosen by the Barrow folks "to be their minister." He wrote in a small but beautiful Italian hand. It is however, remarkable, that his registers (which are of two baptisms and fifteen burials, and are comprised within the dates of April 5, 1657, and February 3, 1658) do not go beyond this latter date. Does this indicate some apprehension arising from the unsettled state of the then Government?

In the examination of these books, I was struck with what appears to have been customary in the times over which this register extends; for Mr. Norman has in very many instances recorded not only the day of burial, but that, and often the hour, of death. In one or two instances, the interment is recorded as taking place on the fourth day after death; but the rule clearly was, not to keep the dead unburied more than two days.

It will be seen that the great interest of our books arises from the careful and methodical habits of Mr. Norman. But other both earlier and later records are suggestive of much that is striking in one respect; I refer to the names of the families of this parish. Harpur, Bristow, Sale, Bancroft, Hegge, Holmes, Sharpe, Whitaker, Lowe, Camp, are names constantly recurring; but many, and those too apparently of some note in their day and place, vanish, and, from whatever cause, are heard of here no more.

Among the latter are the names of Kirkman and Wilson. One of the family of the Kirkmans is said to have achieved either the mayoralty or the shrievalty of London, as well as the honour of knighthood; and from the family of the Wilsons was sprung the good and pious Bishop of Calcutta of that name.

The *regular* registration commences in 1662; but can one fail to see what a crowd of strange thoughts may occur to an ardent imagination from these two registers?

"1670. Roger Wright was buried the 30th day of July: that is, old Roger Wright of Stenson, whose first wife, Sarah Wright, was buried Oct. 16, 1648.

168<sup>q</sup>. Simon Bristowe, Senex, mortuus 29 Maii: baptized March 10, 1615, Son of Thomas."

The last circumstance which I shall notice, in these registers, is the mention of a parsonage; for one passage under Mr. Norman's hand runs thus —

"Elizabeth Ball [formerly servant to Mee and to my wife at Sinfen, and to her daughter Sarah Wilkinson, at my Vicarage House in Barrow (during her widowhood there with her son Robert Martin), who also lived with Mr. Thomas Jackson rectour of Swarkston and with Mr. Shipton of Stanton juxta Pontem and was born in the Parish of Matlock (aliàs Marlock) in Derbyshire] was married in Morley Church on Sunday June 15th, 1712, to one — of Arnow in Nottinghamshire."

Besides being a striking memorial of a probably faithful servant, this notice confirms the tradition of the former existence of a parsonage-house at Barrow; all traces of which are now entirely obliterated. I may add, that "Matlock" is mentioned elsewhere, with its aliàs of "Marlock;" as is Repton, aliàs Repington.

#### EXTRACTS FROM THE REGISTER BOOKS OF BARROW AND TWYFORD, DERBYSHIRE.

Memorandum — That Mr. Roger Farmer, Minister of Congerston, in Leicestershire, was made Minister of Barrow-sup-Trent, in Derbyshire, Ann. Domini, 1662, as it doth appear by his own handwriting, as here followeth, &c. —

1666. Mr. Robert Norman, Curate to Old Mr. Sam. Bold, of Mickleover, married Eliz. Hegge, December 11.

1669. Mary, daughter of Robert Norman, Minister, was borne on Sunday, 26th day of September, being Sunday before St. Michael.

1675. Mr. Roger Farmer resigned Barrow, July 27. I, Robert Norman, was presented to Barrow-cum-Twyford.

1678. Maria filia Danielis Shelmerdine de Finderne sepulta fuit decimo secundo Octobris.

Memorandum — That in the 30th year of the Reign of King Charles the Second, there was an Act for Burying in Woollen, from Aug. 1st, 1678, for 7 years afterwards, and so on until annulled by King and Parliament.

(The later Registers contain many instances of "Burying in Woollen" under certificate; and in some cases, where the certificate was not produced, it is stated that due notice was given, within the required time, to the Churchwarden).

(Here, and in many parts of the books, some pages were written with ink which retains a jet blackness; the ink generally being of a lightish brown tone).

1684. Abrahamus Hegge de Mickleover et Sarah Wright de Stenson nupti sunt in Ecclesiâ de Barrow, per Dominum Danieleum Wilson, Jan. 3.

(So that probably the Bishop of Calcutta was not the first of his family, nor the first Daniel of his family who was a clergyman).

1683. Memorandum — That the great frost begun in November, and lasted about 13 weeks, ending in February.

1688. (Three Registers showing the interval between death and burial):

Jacobus Smedley mortuus est Dec. 28, sepult. 28.

Carolus Steward (de Stanton) mort. Jan. 1, sepult. Jan. 3.

B. Lowe mort. Jan. 25, sepult. 28.

1692. Richardus filius Thomæ Cluer (Peregrini, and then an exciseman for Barrow) bapt. Apr. 4, 1692.

1693. Hugh Latimer Peregrinus de Congerston (who was drown'd in the Trent and found by Pickering's house at Barrow), sepult. May 1.

1695. Magistra Sicily Beaumont Uxor Magtri. Rob. Beaumont mort. 5<sup>to</sup>. sepulta 7<sup>mo</sup>. Julii.

1698. Gul. Drabble (a stranger and a poor man coming from Hulland Ward, in Derbyshire, being found suddenly dead on Sunday mg. March 28), was buried in Twyford Churchyard, Monday 27, after Mr. Charles Adderley, Coroner, had sate upon him. He was found dead on Stenson Green.

1701. Robert Steevenson, of Draicott, in the Parish of Wilne, in the County of Darby, died suddenly in Barrow Field, next to Swarkston Field; he had a son-in-law with him, whom he had sent before to Swarkston with his waggon and six poore horses or mares (going towards the Ferry), loaden with cheese. He was buried in Barrow Churchyard, Saturday 20th, but died Thursday 18th, before; I having a paper under Mr. Charles Adderley's hand, of Derby, Coroner, to bury him. Quod vide. He sickened in Potluck-lane, as he came from Utoxeter by Twyford and so towards Swarkston.

1704. Barrow, Georgius (filius Georgii Buxton de Arlaston Hall, et Mariæ uxoris ejus) Buxtonius Oxoniensis denatus erat die Saturni (septimoque Octobris) inter secundam et tertiam horam post Meridiem, sepultus autem post quintam post Meridiem die Solis sequentis in cæmeterio de Barrow, vicesimoque primo Anno statia ejus.

Hoc certè de eo statuendum est:

Qui nec vitâ fructus est (dum vixit) sine honore, nec functus sine gloriâ.

#### THUS ENGLISHED,

Who without honour did not his life spend,  
Nor wants he glory, now its at an end.

1704. Judith filia Josephi et Judith Holmes mortua erat die Saturni vicesimoque octavo Octobris ad occasum Solis, sepulta die Martis, 31 October.

Who liv'd a Virgin and not married,  
To Christ, Her Husband, she's gone now she's dead:  
A while she liv'd in Pain and Misery,  
Arriv'd she is to true Felicity:  
The light affliction here she hath sustain'd,  
A weight of Glory for her soul hath gain'd.

1705. Eodem die (Apr. 6) Quidam Gulielmus Smith Peregrinus veniens e Parochiâ de Utoxeter suspendit seipsum apud Twyford: sepultus autem erat in loco vulgò appellato Hailstones.

1705. Gulielmus Stanhope de Elvaston Generosus et M<sup>rs</sup> Jane Stanhope aliâs Wotton de Brethby Vidua nupti fuerunt cum licentiâ die Martis vigesimoque tertio Octobris in Ecclesiâ de Twyford per Dominum Horton Ministrum Omnium Sanctorum in Derbiâ.

Mem. (p. 35). Mr. Daniel Shermerdine was borne at Matlock (alias Marlock), in Derbyshire, and was baptized Anno. Dom. 1630.

He was chosen by the parish of Barrow to be their Minister in Cromwell's time, being then about twenty years old.

Daniel Shelmerdine, also formerly Minister of Barrow-sup-Trent, dyed at Finderne, in the Parish of Mickleeover, on Sunday night (October 22th, 1699), about sunseting, and was buried in Finderne Church by Mr. Ward, then Minister of Mickleeover (who preached his Funeral Sermon on Tuesday 24 following. His text was upon 1 Corinthians 15. 35. (Text given), preached I say by Mr. Ward, October 24th, 1699.

(The same Mr. Shelmerdine came to Barrow Parish about March 26, 1657, and staid till Bartholomew 1662, and then put out).

One Mr. Moore (then living at Derby, a Nonconformist Minister), preached another Funeral Sermon the same night by Candle-light, in the Meeting-house at Finderne, upon the same occasion: His text in John 5. 28, 29, in the words following: (text).

Memorandum—That one Mr. Pike (a Nonconformist Minister, then living at Burton-upon-Trent, in Stafford-shire), preached another Funeral Sermon in the Meeting-house of Finderne, aforesaid, upon the same occasion, on Sunday November 5th, following. His text was 2 Timothy 4. 6. 7. 8. (text given). Mr. Pike was born at Clebury, in Shropshire, dyed at Burton.

Memorandum—That a Sunday or two after the said Mr. Pike, one Mr. Wood-house, then living at Diseworth Grange, preached on the same occasion, whose text was in Luke 23. 27. 28.

1704. Memorandum—That Sarah Hegge, the wife of Abraham Hegge, of Mickleeover, Daughter of William and Sarah Wright, of Stenson (both deceased), dyed at Mickleeover on Friday, in the night of August 18th, 1704, and was buried on Monday, August 21 following. Sarah was baptized September 18. 1652, at Stenson by Mr. Gerrase Wheldon, Vicar of Barrow.

1707. Memorandum—That Mr. Benjamin Clarke, Steward to Sir John Harpur, of Caulke, dyed suddenly, and was found dead either at Quarendon, or at Mount Sorrell, in Leicestershire (coming from Leicestershire fair, May the first, about 9 or 10 of the Clock at night, being Thursday), he was buried on Saturday, May 3rd, at Dishley, in Leicestershire.

1707. Henry Booth, of Caulke, then Huntsman and Head-Groom to young Sir John Harpur, of Caulke, was killed in a close called Prestow-wood, near unto Caulke-park, on Wednesday, December 10th, 1707, with his horse as he was hunting; he was buried at Caulke, December 12th.

1708. Mr. John Whitlock, a Nonconformist Minister in Nottingham, dyed on Saturday, December 4th, and was buried in St. Mary's Church, Dec. 8th (and Wednesday following). His age 4 score.

One old Mr. Barrot, another Nonconformist, formerly a Minister about Senjacre, in Nottinghamshire, preach'd his Funeral Sermon up this text, Daniel 12. 3. (Text quoted).

Catherine (the relict of old John Summet, of Mickleover, deceased and buried at Mickleover, aforesaid, in the churchyard, May 20th and Sunday, 1688; and my wife's sister), dyed on Friday morning about break of day, at Higham, Derbyshire, and was buried on Sunday, January 30th, 1708—1709, in Mickleover churchyard. I buried her and preached up Genesis 47. 9. The said Catherine was baptised January 20th, 1631; being the Daughter of Roger Wright of Stenson, so that she dyed in one of the critical or climacteric years, that is, in the three score and seventeenth year of her age and life.

1711. Memorandum—That his grace, ..... Duke of Newcastle, whose seat was at Welbeck Abbey, in Nottinghamshire, was flung of his horse, on Friday, July 6th, 1711, as he was hunting the fox, and dyed on Sunday morning following, at 3 of the clock, in the 56th year of his age, and was carried up to London about the 13th of August immediately following, to stand among the Kings and Queens and the rest of the Nobles in Westminster Abbey.

1707. Johannes Bancroft de Barrow Baccalaureus et Miles Auctoratus et paratus mortuus est per Mesonyction diei Mercurii, decimique Decembris: sepultus autem fuit die Veneris decimoque secundo Decembris.

1712. Elizabeth Norman de Sinfyn, Parochia de Barrow sup: Trentum Uxor Roberti Norman Vicarii de Barrow predicta mortua est die Solis per duodecimam horam apud noctem ejusdem diei vel eo circiter, decimoque sexto Novembris sepulta autem fuit die Mercurii decimoque nono Novembris in cimiterio de Twyford per Dominum Thomam Buxtonium (tunc Ministrum de Chellaston).

To end her days on the Lord's day

She thought it was the best,

And now I hope to heaven she's gone

To everlasting rest.

Home, home, she always said she'd go,

And cry'd uncessantly,

A stranger and a pilgrim here

She knew herself to be.

(Home, home, she said that she would go,

This was her constant ditty,

She knew full well that here below

She'd no continuing city.)

Her husband, friends, and house she chang'd

(In this world ne're to see)

For God, and Christ in heaven with Saints

For evermore to be:

Or otherwise thus—

To live eternally.

Joyn'd we was in Marriage

the 11th of December (viz. 1666).

Disjoyn'd we was by death again

the sixteenth of November (viz. 1712).

And all the time betwixt us both

A child we had but one

Mary by name, who's gone to God

And I am left alone:

Or otherwise thus—

And she to her is gone.

R. NORMAN.

1714. July 6. Mr. Rt. Norman and Mrs. Rebecca Sales married.

July 12. Mr. Robt. Norman (Vicar of Barrow) buried.

1715. March 23. Mrs. Rebecca Norman buried.

## TO A SMALL AUSTRALIAN FLOWER.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

Star of Hope, with Spring appearing;  
 Prophet of bright coming days:  
 Waker of benign emotions,  
 Happy thoughts, and grateful praise.

Now Mimosas, out profusely,  
 Hang their wreaths of paly gold,  
 Thee, e'en like a sportive fairy,  
 In my pathway I behold.

Lonely in this region, pondering  
 On the distant and the dear,  
 With a smile of kindly welcome  
 Me, a stranger, thou didst cheer.

And with each returning season  
 Round my footsteps thou dost rise,  
 To remind me that our Maker  
 Is munificent as wise.

Goodness ever from Him growing,  
 Solace midst the world's annoy:  
 Scattering endlessly before us  
 Life, and love, and living joy.

Thou art native in this region —  
 Here hast had thy birth and death,  
 Since God called thee, in Creation,  
 Into beauty with a breath.

Centuries was thy presence cheering —  
 Whilst thy praise was yet unheard —  
 To thy every-day companions,  
 Savage Man, and beast, and bird.

Now the White Man's eyes regard thee  
 With a higher, holier aim:  
 Comprehends thy worth and graces,  
 Though he names thee by no name.

Well he reads thy gentle meanings,  
 Full of thoughts, in blooms and buds:  
 Nor can be unknown, or nameless,  
 To dusk wanderers of these woods.

To the sun they may ally thee,  
 Who art common as its light;  
 Or, for thy seraphic beauty,  
 To some star that studs the night.

Sure the rudest human creature,  
 With no kindness to spare,  
 As his wandering eyes rest on thee,  
 Must be conscious thou art fair.

Sure the sternest, thee beholding,  
 Ere his eye shall from thee part,  
 Softened and subdued before thee,  
 Will possess a kindlier heart.

Half the term of years, or longer,  
 To which human life extends,  
 We were strangers — now faith stronger  
 Binds us than most common friends.

This I feel, thou lowly creature!  
 Thou hast served me many ways:  
 In some things hast been my teacher,  
 And therefore I sing thy praise.

I am pleased, thy thankful mate,  
 To which lore thou ever bringest;  
 And oft to myself translate,  
 Thus, some serious truth thou singest —

"Whatsoe'er is pure and graceful,  
 Unto joy allied, tho' lowly,  
 Serves the cause of highest natures,  
 Is God's servant, and is holy."

Therefore tho' thou, of the many  
 Held be as a noteless thing,  
 I will prize thee in thy station,  
 And thy worth will boldly sing.

Long thy light was from me hidden —  
 Soon will be no longer seen —  
 By the solid globe divided,  
 As we heretofore have been.

Yet when oft the eye is vacant —  
 When the soul recedes afar —  
 I shall see, as now I see thee,  
 Beaming on me like a star.

When thro' years and forms that slumber,  
 Memory sinks, from deep to deep,  
 Waking, I shall bless thy beauty,  
 Or in pleasant fields of sleep.

NEW SOUTH WALES, August, 1843.



## A FAUNA OF DERBYSHIRE.

QUADRUPEDS; CHAPTER II. BY JOHN JOSEPH BRIGGS.

"The Naturalist" of "The Field," etc., etc., etc.

**THE COMMON FOX.** In the county of Derby there are three distinct and well-marked *varieties* of the fox, which may be enumerated as follows—The Greyhound, the Common, and the Little Red Fox. The specific characters, however, of each are not marked with sufficient clearness to warrant them being separated into distinct *species*. The Greyhound fox may be thus described: Head large and sharp-looking, resembling in shape the head of a greyhound dog, but rather broader across the cheeks; ears broad and large; nose thin and pointed, and there are some jet black hairs growing from the upper jaw, the longest of which are three inches in length. Colour of the fur rather lighter than in the Common fox. The admeasurements are as follows—Length of the head, measuring from between the ears to the tip of the nose,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches; space between the ears,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches; length of the ears,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches; circumference of the cheeks, measured just below the ears, 16 inches; space between the eyes,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches.

The Little Red fox is smaller in size than the greyhound, and does not leave cover in such dashing style, but gives the best and most enduring chases. I know an instance of one running twenty miles from point to point, and even then would not have been killed, but he got entangled in some wire fencing. The Common fox is too well known to require description.

I know not a more beautiful sight than to see a fox hunting for food on a clear summer's night. Entering a field when all is still, he perhaps rears himself on his haunches, or his hind feet, listens, and looks round, and, supposing all is still, then commences operations. He goes systematically to work. His principal food consists of mice and beetles, and his object is to find them in the grass. For this purpose he paces backwards and forwards, as regularly as a pointer would when hunting for game, and occasionally picks up something to reward him for his trouble. Of course he occasionally seeks larger game, and it is somewhat curious that he often takes away five or six times as much poultry as he can consume at one time. Having eaten what pleases him, he carries the remainder to some distance, scratches a hole, and buries it. In numberless instances, however, he never fetches what he hides. I have known nine turkeys carried away in a single night, most of which were found buried in the neighbouring fields. The fox is certainly "not so bad as he seems;" for although he may occasionally take a goose or a fowl, his ordinary food consists of much humbler fare. "Scrutator," a very excellent writer in the "Field," remarks—"When I came to my farm, it was over-run with rabbits, moles, rats, and mice: the foxes have apparently exterminated the moles: the rats and mice have become very scarce: the rabbits, which were a great annoyance (as I have not the right of killing them), breed on a limited scale, and I now suffer no injury from them."

In some parts of the country, it appears that foxes commit sad depredations upon the young lambs. This circumstance is very easy to



prevent. Foxes, although fond of eating their food in a putrid state, have a great aversion to anything bitter, or having a strong disagreeable odour. Thus when they have captured rabbits, they eat the shoulders and fore-quarters of the animal, but frequently leave the hind, on account of its containing the bladder, which is bitter and disagreeable. Now, if young lambs, upon being turned into a field, have the back of each shoulder and the upper part of their loins besmeared with tar (a very simple expedient), foxes will not touch them; at least I have known hundreds, I may say thousands, thus treated, and not one has been taken by a fox. Many of these, too, have been constantly feeding in fields close by the sides of covers, where foxes have been most abundant, and their food not very plentiful.

It appears that occasionally foxes hunt in company, and attack sheep. The writer of the sporting article in the "Illustrated London News" writes in April, 1855 — "We watched two of them in the grey dawn of the morning last week, trotting about like sheep dogs amongst a large flock of ewes and lambs, and yet never attempting to touch one of the latter, on account of the mixture of tar and train-oil which was judiciously smeared on their backs. Being thus balked of their breakfast, they suddenly, out of spite, selected an old ewe, and coursed it in the most approved greyhound fashion, till they finally drove it with a tremendous rush into a brook. Landseer must have revelled in the tableaux thus presented, as unconscious of our presence, they stood archly eyeing their victim from the bank above."

The fox is usually supposed to be entirely carnivorous. True, old *Æsop* represents the wily animal trying to reach some grapes, but still the story was considered fabulous. One instance, however, of his taking fruit has come to my knowledge, and under the following circumstances — Mr. Robinson, of Melbourne, has extensive market gardens, in which are cultivated all kinds of fruits and vegetables. A large patch of strawberries lay near a cover frequented by foxes, and one day, as the women and children were about to gather some of that fruit, a fox was seen going from plant to plant and plucking all the best of the berries. After he had regaled himself for some time he was disturbed, when it was found that he had cleared a large space of its fruit.

The fox is an early breeder; but one of the earliest instances of its having cubs with which I am acquainted, occurred in 1855. On March 19, a ferreting party near Holly Hill, Birling, Kent, started a vixen fox from a hole, in which they afterwards found their ferret dead, and seven young cubs. The "old one," who made her escape, fetched the cubs from the hole in about an hour afterwards, and carried them to a more secure retreat. The cubs are not always dropped in drains or holes or crevices in the earth, but occasionally on the surface. I once saw four, which were laid on some fern and leaves in a large shallow nest. They were curious and interesting little creatures.

**THE FALLOW DEER.** This beautiful deer, once perhaps ranging in vast herds through the woods and woodlands of this county, is now limited to the various groups which are kept in the parks of our nobility and gentry. Interesting denizens are they of these lovely

domains, whether seen browsing peacefully in the velvet glades, leaping in successive bounds upon the green hill-sides, or beneath the gnarled old oaks. In the natural history of the animal, too, there is much to interest. During the winter they require considerable care in feeding with corn, especially beans; and during frosts and snows, the branches of trees are strewed about for them, from which they nibble the bark. In this process they are very adroit. This deer is much subject to foot disease. The growth of the antlers is not the least curious part of the animal's history. During the first year they bud forth and attain a certain size, and have a beautiful velvety appearance. They then drop off, and are renewed, but of a larger size than that of the preceding year. The buck, I believe, always has horns; the doe, occasionally. When young, the horn is extremely sensitive, and if a blow is given to it, causes great pain to the animal; but when the horn has arrived at its full growth, the sensitiveness declines, the blood-vessels diminish in size until no blood is conveyed to the velvet, which then dies and peels off. The horns when shed are gathered off the ground by the park-keeper, and I presume, sold, to be used eventually in cutlery manufactories. One of the most singular propensities which the fallow-deer possesses, is its habit of fighting at a particular period of the year. These contests are very amusing. They often last for hours, and are sometimes renewed on many successive days. They occur in the Autumn. A buck singles another buck from the herd, goes to him and makes him show fight. They then bring their foreheads together and endeavour to push each other back, until one perhaps is rolled over and exhausted. The master buck will push the defeated one as much as fifty yards at a time, and the clash of antlers causes the woods to echo. These fights are sometimes most obstinate; occasionally the death of one of the combatants ensues. A singular encounter took place some years ago in Donington Park, it is supposed in the following manner—Some timber was being felled in the park, and to one of the trees was attached a cord, by which the woodman intended to pull it in a certain direction. At night, when the men went from their work, this cord was left dangling down to the ground, when a deer began to amuse himself by rubbing his horns against it. By and bye his horns got entangled, so that he could not loose them, but with the constant friction through the night of the rope against the tree, as he tossed his head to and fro, the rope broke, leaving a considerable portion wrapped about his horns. As he was roaming about the park, another deer of the same species attacked him, and by butting their heads together, the second deer managed to unwrap several yards of the rope and also to noose himself; so that the two deer were tied together by a cord of perhaps three yards in length. Feeling themselves fettered, both animals became furious, and must have attacked each other with tremendous force for a long time, when the strength of one failed him, who sunk down no more to renew the combat. When a person came up to them he found the live deer tethered to the dead one; being, in fact, unable either to extricate himself from his dead companion, or drag him about.

Fallow-deer, when they have young, will occasionally attack a dog

in the same way as a ewe will when she has lambs. During the day they conceal their fawns in clumps of fern and nettles, and they lie so closely as nearly to be trodden upon. The doe grazes about the spot where the fawn is hidden, rarely leaving it any distance. An old park-keeper tells me of rather a curious way of catching fallow-deer. Their shy character of disposition is well known, and consequently it becomes no easy matter to catch them alive and unhurt. The keeper's plan was as follows. He selected a tree in the park with broad spreading boughs, upon which he could lie flat. From these branches for many weeks, perhaps months, he suspended several ropes, which hung loosely down. Underneath the tree he scattered a quantity of beans, to which the deer are very partial, and by feeding daily upon this spot they became accustomed to see the ropes, and consequently took little notice of them at last. He then mounted the tree, prostrated himself along the branches immediately beneath which they fed, and let down a rope, having at the lower end a running noose, and thus waited for the coming of the deer. As they fed beneath the boughs he selected one, and gradually drew the noose over and secured him.

I once noticed a fallow-deer resort to a cunning stratagem. When the Donington Hounds were running across Calke Park, a fallow-deer by accident got very close to the dogs, and finding, as she supposed, her life in danger, trusted to her cunning rather than her speed for safety, and instead of bounding away, dropt suddenly down amongst the fern, her hind feet bent beneath her body, and her head and neck laid flat upon her forefeet, lying like a hare in a wonderfully small compass to avoid detection.

In the curious diary of an old Leicestershire worthy, the Rev. Humphrey Michel, kept from 1707 to 1711, occur the following entries—"July 21, 1711, My Lord Nottingham sent me from Burley Park, a haunch of venison *an inch and a half thick of fat*, for which I gave his keeper half-a-crown; the haunch weighed 19 lbs." "July 22, 1711. Sunday, eight past Trinity, I saw none of Mr. Lowth's family at Church, I suppose they staid at home to look after the venison pasty, or they disliked my discourse in vindication of the Lord's Prayer against the Presbyterians."

There are a few customs connected with this animal perhaps worth noticing. Amongst other privileges which the keepers of deer in Melbourne Park formerly had, was this singular one, viz.—"They had their offerings free on Candlemas Day, and their Parson and Curate found them a taper of wax for their offering that day, free, without paying any thing for the same."

It has been a very ancient custom, which now almost seems to have become a right, for the head of the Melbourne family to send to Hardwick Hall annually for a buck, and at any season of the year which he who receives it thinks best. The animal is killed by the Duke of Devonshire's keepers, skinned, and made fit for use, before it is sent.

(To be continued.)

KING'S NEWTON.

## Original Documents.

The following highly interesting autograph letter, from the celebrated Lady Huntington to Dr. Doddridge, is in the possession of Thomas Bateman, Esq., of Lomerdale House, through whose kindness we are enabled to present it to the public. The letter has no date, but must, evidently, have been written not long before her decease. It bears the Loughborough post-mark —

"My most kind and very excellent Friend —

"I think myself under such obligations to you for your concern upon account of my health that I could not satisfy my gratitude without as early as possible giving this expression of it and informing you Mr. Jones was with me last night from Coventry. Nothing could seem so attentive or earnest in his most particular enquiries and these appeared extreme rational and all his observations highly sensible. He told me he thought I might obtain but without it, fatter it must prove, as I had no expectation of help, so I had been long rationally convinced of the consequences of these human distresses of my Body and was patiently determined to bear the sufferings as these precious instances of my dr redeemers favour towards me. Entirely as an evidence of my respect to yours and Dr Stonehouses care for me I open'd myself more freely to Mr Jones upon my present situation of health than I ever have done in my life time to any one about myself, and that by this means and no other could I be lay'd under a like obligation that should anything happen to protract my days or soften those few yet to come, by the providence of God, (under him) I shall owe it to you, and if not I shall carry with me a deep sense of your great and christian benevolence, to the last important moment of time. My kindest respects to Mrs Doddridge. Lady Selina begs her compts. and bids me assure you should I be unable to write myself she will communicate my state of health to you. The post waits, and affords me to assure you my most kind and excellent friend how faithfully and affect I ever remain yours

"S<sup>c</sup>. HUNTINGDON.

"I forgot the papers by Mr Jones that I promised but I hope for another opportunity."

The letter is thus addressed —

"To the Rev'd Doctor Doddridge  
at his House in  
Northampton."

"To the care  
of the Post Master at Northampton."

THE following letters, printed from the original autograph copies in the possession of the Editor, form part of a large number of interesting letters many of them relating to the famous lexicographer, and to other celebrities of the day, including the eccentric Rev. Dr. Taylor, of Ashbourne. These letters, as well as many others in the collection, are from the Rev. William Langley, of Ashbourne, who was Master of the Free Grammar School there, and was an intimate friend of Dr. Johnson's, to whom the following letters were addressed. Many of the letters are written to Mr. William Davenport, a joint protégé of Johnson's and Langley's, and they, as well as Davenport's letters in reply, are well deserving of being printed. We shall, on a future occasion, give portions of this interesting correspondence in these pages —

"Sir — Mr. Paul Taylor has promised me to deliver the papers which accompany this letter, safe into your hands. I would have sent them sooner, if I had received the Translation of the two first Cantos of Lord Lyttleton's Progress of Love. I have been hitherto disappointed, and now apprehend I shall not be able to obtain it till I go into Warwickshire, which will be about two months hence. I was however unwilling

to miss the present opportunity of sending a copy of what papers are in my hands, which I have transcribed almost verbatim. There are many alterations needful, as you will easily observe; but I chose to leave them to your correction, if you shall think them deserving of that trouble. The Translations of Persius were attempted when my late friend was very young. — You know, Sir, the motives from which they are proposed to be offered to the publick, and if you shall think they are unworthy of publication, I must beg the favour of you to return them to Mr. Paul Taylor, or to Dr. Taylor when he shall be in London, who will bring them again to me. If they shall meet with your approbation, you will please to mention in the Proposals which you kindly promised to draw up, 'that no money will be required till the books are delivered.' If it will not be too much trouble to favour me with a line of your opinion of what I now send, you will very much oblige,

"Sir, your most obedt. Servt.

"W. L.

"Ashbourne, Novbr. 16th, 1770.

"To Dr. Johnson, in London."

"Sir — The kind manner in which you are pleased to address me in your last letter demands my sincerest thanks; and the approbation you express of my conduct respecting the Miss Colliers, far more than compensates for the incivilities I have met with for, and the base insinuations which have been covertly given to, the honest and amicable intentions of my heart to both parties. I wish the affair concerning those girls was adjusted, who at present seem very unhappy.

"The favour which you have sent to W. Davenport, for me, of which he has informed me by this day's post, I shall receive with peculiar pleasure. They will be a distinguished ornament in my small collection of books, and confer credit upon me, from every person, who shall be told, that they are a present from Dr. Johnson, to his most obedient and obliged Servant,

"W. L.

"Mrs. L. unites with me in fervent wishes for your health.

"Ashbourne, May 19, 1783.

"To Dr. Johnson, Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London."

The Dr. Taylor alluded to in this letter was born at Ashbourne, and was the schoolfellow of Dr. Johnson at Mr. Hunter's school at Lichfield, and continued to be his most intimate friend to the time of his death, when he followed up a long life of friendship by undertaking to read the burial service over the grave of his learned companion. We may on another occasion give some interesting particulars concerning Dr. Taylor, and now subjoin a description of him from the pen of Boswell, who, in his Life of Johnson, says —

"On March 26, 1776, there came for us [to Lichfield] an equipage properly suited to a wealthy, well-beneficed clergyman — Dr. Taylor's large roomy post-chaise, drawn by four stout, plump horses, and driven by two steady, jolly postillions, which conveyed us to Ashbourne; where I found my friend's schoolfellow living upon an establishment perfectly corresponding with his substantial, creditable equipage; his house, garden, pleasure-grounds, table, in short, everything good, and no scantiness appearing. Dr. Taylor had a good estate of his own, and good preferment in the Church. He was a diligent justice of the peace, and presided over the town of Ashbourne, to the inhabitants of which I was told he was very liberal; and, as a proof of this, it was mentioned to me he had, the preceding winter, distributed £200 among such of them as stood in need of his assistance. He had, consequently, a considerable political interest in the county of Derby, which he employed to support the Devonshire family; for though the schoolfellow and friend of Johnson he was a Whig. I could not perceive in his character much congeniality of any sort with that of Johnson, who, however, said to me, 'Sir, he has a very strong understanding.' His size, and figure, and countenance, and manner, were that of a hearty English squire, with the parson superinduced; and I took particular notice of his upper servant, Mr. Peters, a decent, grave man, in purple clothes, and a large white wig, like the butler or major domo of a bishop."

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## Derbyshire Anthology.

The following song I heard sung about twelve years ago, at the Club Feast, at Ashford Wakes, by an old Inhabitant. A friend of mine afterwards wrote it down from his dictation, and I believe it has never appeared in print. I may add, that the last line of each verse was repeated as a chorus.

Chester.

T. N. BRUSHFIELD.

Hark ! hark ! brother Sportsman, what a melodious sound,  
How the valleys doth echo with the merry-mouthed hound ;  
There's none in this world with Squire Frith can compare,  
When chasing bold Reynard, or hunting the Hare.

Bright Phoebus peeps over yon Eastern hills,  
And darted his rays through the meadows and fields ;  
On the eighth of December, that memorable morn,  
We chased bold Reynard with hound and with horn.

Then over young Cumrocks like lightning he flew,  
What a melodious chorus when Reynard's in view ;  
There's nothing like hunting we mortals do know,  
Then follow, boys, follow, tally-ho ! tally-ho !

With a staunch and fleet pack, most sagacious and true,  
What a melodious chorus when Reynard's in view ;  
The hills and the valleys do echo around,  
With the shouts of the hunter, and cries of the hound.

Squire Frith being mounted upon a swift steed,  
Black Jack, there's but few that can match him for speed ;  
The Squire and his Huntsman no horse-flesh will spare,  
When chasing bold Reynard, or hunting the Hare.

There's Grinder, and Saddler, two dogs of great fame,  
Hark to Primrose, and Bonny Lass, and Conqueror by name,  
There's Killman, and Bowman, Ringwood, and Dido,  
With Lily, and Lady, and Rolly, also.

O'er Macclesfield Forest old Reynard did fly,  
By Tragnell, and Runcorn, and unto Langly ;  
By Chalcross, and Grosward, and unto Swithinly,  
At his brush close did follow the hounds in full cry.

By Chalcross and Grosward we came back again,  
It was speed that prolonged his life it was plain ;  
Full forty long miles that old creature did return,  
And he holed in Clown Hills, near to Congleton.

Of geese, ducks, and hens, great havoc he's made,  
And innocent lambs, he has worried the said ;  
There's no barn-door fowls old Reynard did spare,  
Take care, all ye farmers, of your poultry, take care.

Here's a health to all Hunters, wherever they be,  
To all honest sportsmen of every degree ;  
With a full flowing bowl, we'll drink a health all,  
To that great and true Sportsman, Squire Frith, of Bank Hall.

A slightly different version of this ballad has appeared in print, having been communicated to the "Sporting Magazine," by William Bennett, Esq., of Chapel-en-le-Frith, and inserted in that Magazine in 1826. From Mr. Bennett's introductory notice we extract the following particulars relating to "Squire Frith of Bank Hall," and the run which gave rise to the ballad. Mr. Bennett says— "The gentleman, whose character as a sportsman has induced me to send you this paper, is Mr. Samuel Frith, of Bank Hall, in Derbyshire, who, during a period of fifty years, pursued the sports of the field with an avidity seldom equalled, and scarcely ever surpassed. Even at this



day the Squire, mounted on his stout square-built cob, is sometimes seen with the Buxton harriers, ambling over the fine turf of his native hills, and cheering the hounds with a sparkle of his ancient fire. The following account of one of his chases—the boldest and most extraordinary that ever came to my knowledge—I received from himself. I had heard the story related by various people; but I had a desire to have it from his own lips, that I might be assured of its truth.

"One December morning, when a frost had rendered the ground fitter for the pedestrian than the hunter, Mr. Frith turned out his own pack of harriers, at a place near his house called the Castle Naze Rocks, which is on the north-western extremity of one of the moors in the vicinity of Chapel-en-le-Frith. Contrary to his expectation, instead of putting off a hare, a fine fox broke covert, and was tally-ho'd away to the moors. The dogs got away well together after him, and Mr. Frith and his huntsman, Frank Owen, followed at a rattling pace over some of the most tremendous ground for horses in Derbyshire. The fox made off across the Duke of Devonshire's moors, skirting Axe-edge, the highest hill in the county, to Macclesfield Forest, thence by Langley and Graceley Woods to Swithingley, where they had a slight check. In a short time, however, he was again hit off, and seemed determined to make for home, and he ran gallantly, with great speed and strength, down to Horsley and Gawsorth; but at length, after a chase of nearly forty miles, the hounds ran into him at Cloud's Hill, near Congleton, and killed him, Mr. Frith and his huntsman being in for the whoo-hoop.

"When the length of this chase is considered, and the nature of a great part of the ground run over, moorland—which but for the frost, would have broke under the horses at every stroke of the gallop—it must be acknowledged as one of the best things that ever was done. Whoever has hunted in Derbyshire knows that the district in which Mr. Frith lives, the Hundred of High Peak, is not a very easy country to ride over; for where the ground is not hilly nor boggy, the stone fences are very strong, and the courage and experience of a sportsman are required to clear them. The horse with which Mr. Frith performed this feat, Black Jack, like Molly Gray, had not any appearance of blood about him; but he was so good a fencer that no horse could get away from him, and he was always pretty near the hounds. This noted run produced a great feeling of pride among the mountaineers of the Peak—a race of shepherds and hunters from generation to generation, by whom Mr. Frith is held in high estimation; and the following song, which I write down as a specimen of the poetic passion common to this, with all mountain regions, and which was composed at the time by one of the people, has been sung for the last forty years at every popular assembly in the High Peak." Ed.

The two following Epigrams are by Thomas Bancroft, of Swarkestone, 1639—

ON CAPTAYNE MILWARD, LYING DEAD UPON TRENT BANKE

Behold (like treasure on the Banke) a sonne  
Of Mars, that had his father's honor wonne,  
Out of the fire, yet in water dy'd,  
And thus his thirst of glory satisfied.

ON THE SAME.

For thy death's sake (noble friend)  
Be no man before his end,  
Happy thought, though flattering fame  
Fixe amongst the Starres his name;  
He that leanes on wealth or strength,  
Breakes his staffe, and fells at length.



## Notes on Books.

MR. EDWARD KITE, one of the Secretaries of the Wiltshire Archaeological Society, has just published a most interesting and important volume on the Monumental Brasses of that County,\* which he has with great labour collected together, and described and illustrated in a very complete and excellent manner. He has done really good service to archaeology by the publication of this volume, and we earnestly hope to see the example he has so excellently set, followed in every other county in the kingdom. There is scarcely a county which does not contain some resident antiquary, able to devote time, at all events, to the collecting together rubbings or drawings of these valuable remains, and when this is once done, the task of arranging and giving them to the world is one of easy accomplishment. Mr. Kite has set about his task in a right spirit; he has collected his materials, he has thoroughly arranged and classified them, and has added an immense fund of genealogical and historical matter, which can only have been procured after much careful research and labour on his part. He has illustrated his work most liberally, and given it to the public in a manner which does him no little credit, both as an author, an artist, and an antiquary. The arrangement which Mr. Kite has chosen is chronological, and in each instance the brass itself is described, the peculiarities of costume, heraldry, etc., pointed out, the inscriptions carefully given, and biographical or genealogical notices added of the person it is intended to commemorate. To this is frequently added a good deal of topographical information, and much that is valuable as illustrative of the history of the county.

Among the brasses which Mr. Kite has described, is one to Thomas Horton and his wife, 1530, at Bradford-on-Avon, a descendant of the Hortons of Derbyshire, of which the following interesting particulars are given, and will be acceptable to our readers in this locality—

"This brass lies in the pavement near the east end of the north aisle. It consists of two small figures, each about a foot in length, and similar to the Chauncey's. A label issuing from the mouth of each bears a portion of the following supplication, addressed to a mediæval symbol of the Holy Trinity, which has been torn from the slab—

"*"SANCTA TRINITAS UN' DE MISERERE NOBIS."*

"*"Holy Trinity, one God. Have mercy on us."*

"The inscription is as follows:

"*OFF YO<sup>r</sup> CHARITE PRAY FOR THE SOULES OF THOMAS HORTON & MARY HYS WYFFE WHICH THOMAS WAS SUTYME FFUNDER OF THIS CHAWNTRY AND DECESSID THE . . . DAY OF . . . . . AN<sup>o</sup> DNI M<sup>o</sup> CCCC<sup>o</sup> . . . . & Y<sup>e</sup> SAYD MARY DECESSID Y<sup>e</sup> . . . DAY OF . . . . . AN<sup>o</sup> M<sup>o</sup> CCCC<sup>o</sup> . . . . . ON WHOIS SOULES JHU HAVE MERCY."*

"Beneath the inscription is a Merchant's Mark, represented in the annexed wood-

cut; and at the angles of the slab were four small labels, bearing short legends, one of which, 'LADY HELPE'—a brief supplication to the Blessed Virgin Mary for aid—only is visible.

"From the entire absence of dates in the inscription, it is evident that the brass was laid down as a memorial of the foundation of the chantry in the lifetime of both individuals, and the blank spaces subsequently omitted to be filled in, as was originally intended.

"The antiquary Leland, who visited Bradford about 1540, has preserved the following notes respecting Thomas Horton and his wife, which are valuable, inasmuch as they furnish, in connexion with the above inscription, a record of his principal benefactions to the town of Bradford and its parish Church—

"*"There is a very fair house, of the building of one Horton, a riche clothier, at the north-east part by*

*the church. This Horton's wife yet lyveth. This Horton buildid a goodly large church-house ex lapide quadrato [of squared stone] at the east end of the churchyard without it.*

*"This Horton made divers fair houses of stone in Thoroughbridge town. One Lucas, a clothier, now dwelleth in Horton's house in Bradeford. Horton left no children."*

\* The Monumental Brasses of Wiltshire. By Edward Kite. London and Oxford, J. H. and J. Parker. Royal 8vo.



Merchant's Mark of  
Thomas Horton.

"This Thomas Horton was a younger son of John Horton, of Lallington, co. Somerset, descended from the Hortons of Catton, co. Derby. His name is given in the *Heralds' Visitations*, but that of his wife does not appear. In his will, which is dated 26th July, 1530, he is described as 'of Iford, Marchaunt'; he desires 'to be buried with his father in the Ile of Our Lady on the north side of Bradford Church'; and appoints his wife Mary his sole executrix, and Thomas Horton his nephew, and Thomas Long, overseers. From the Inquisition taken on his decease, it appears that he died at Westwood, on the 14th of August following the date of his will. Thomas Horton, his nephew (the son of his elder brother, William, of Lallington), became his heir, from whom descended the Hortons of Iford, Westwood, Broughton Gifford, and Elston, co. Gloucester.

"The Horton Chantry appears to have been founded in the eastern portion of the north aisle of Bradford Church, which is mentioned in his will as 'the Ile of Our Lady.' In the '*Valor Ecclesiasticus*' (II. 147), its annual value is given at £10 per annum. It was endowed with lands, &c., at Alyngton, Chippenham, Winfield, Hurlavington, Keevil, and Box, co. Wilts; Whitcome and Farley, co. Somerset; and Weston in the parish of Marshfield, co. Gloucester; also a house in Bradford for the residence of the chantry priest. These lands and tenements produced, at the suppression, 2 Edw. VI., a rental of £11 18s. 3d., out of which 12 shillings and 4 pence was paid to the Lord Arundell, from the lands at Keevil. The plate belonging to the chantry weighed 17 ounces, and the ornaments in the chapel, including vestments, &c., were valued at 23 shillings and 4 pence. The Commissioners conclude their Report by recommending to the notice of the king's most honourable council the incumbent William Furbner, aged fifty-six, who is described as 'a verie honeste man well learned and ryght able to serve a Cure, albeit a verie poore man and hathe none other lyving but the sayd Chuntre; and, furthermore, he is bounde by the fundatyon to kepe a freescole at Bradforde and to gyve the Clerke [Vicar] ther yerely xxx. to teache children to syng for the mayntenance of Devine service, and also to distribute to the poore yerely xiiij. iijj<sup>4</sup>, all which things he hath done accordinglye.'

"Horton's 'fair house by the church' is now (1859) used as a cloth-factory; its windows, moulded beams, winding stone stairs, and large fireplace, all seem to bespeak the date of its erection. The 'goodly large church-house' also remains, but has long since fallen into private hands; the walls, of squared stone, strengthened by shallow buttresses, bear testimony to the truth of Leland's statement, but the windows are chiefly modern insertions."

This extract will show the extreme care which Mr. Kite has bestowed over his work, and will testify to its value beyond the county which it is mainly intended to illustrate. Amongst the brasses engraved are some very remarkable ones. One of these is a small brass, only 7½ inches in height, at Collingbourne Ducis, representing an infant



EDWARD SAINTMAUR.

Another curious brass, of which we also give an engraving, is that of George Evelyn, at West Deane, 1641. It is 15½ inches in height, and is a remarkably late specimen of this kind of brass engraving, on a plate not cut to the form of the figure.

eleven months old, in the stiff and formal dress of the period (1631). This curious example, shown in the accompanying engraving, represents Edward Saintmaur, fourth son of the Earl of Hertford, restored to the Dukedom of Somerset in 1660, and brother of Henry Beauchamp and of John Seymour, who afterwards became Duke of Somerset.



It exhibits George Evelyn, aged six years, in the youthful costume of the reign of Charles I., and is highly interesting also as exhibiting the last male representative of that ancient family.

Mr. Kite's volume is illustrated by thirty-eight carefully-executed plates, and by a number of wood cuts worked into the text. It is a very interesting and valuable volume, and, as we have said before, is just the kind of work which ought to be undertaken in every county.

In many a dusty, half-forgotten chest in our churches and chapels, lie the materials of the future social and religious history of this country, and it is pleasing to know that not a few willing and able hands are engaged, here and there, in collecting and sifting whatever evidence may be rescued from cobwebs and damp—each labourer working in a limited sphere, but nevertheless contributing to one great result. One evidence of this, the extracts from the Parish Registers of Barrow, appears in our present number, from the pen of the Rev. J. Edwards. We are glad to find, that in the ancient city of Worcester, as well as in our own county, another step has been gained in the elucidation of the history of the last three centuries, by a careful examination of all the records and other sources of information bearing on the great fact of Non-conformity, and a mass of interesting matter relative to the Roman Catholics, Independents or Congregationalists, Baptists, Quakers, Wesleyans, and Lady Huntingdon's denominations, has been brought together by Mr. NOAKE,\* and just issued. This information is at once highly curious and valuable, and tends to inculcate humility and Christian forbearance, by proving that religious persecution was not confined to any one body of Christians, but was freely exercised by whatever party attained to power. It would be interesting, had we space, to give a *résumé* of the history of the different sects as given in this interesting volume, which is full of entertaining and valuable information, and shows how deeply Mr. Noake has investigated his subject. As an example, however, we will just give a few lines, to show the interesting nature of the work.

At the dissolution it appears, that the religious houses suppressed at Worcester were—1. Franciscans, or Grey Friars; 2. Dominicans, or Black (preaching) Friars; 3. Trinity Guild, founded temp. Edward III., being a brotherhood whose duty it was to sing mass for the soul of the founder, and to help the parson and curate of the parish church in time of need, "because it doth abound of houseling people;" 4. White Ladies' Nunnery, a portion of whose income reverted to the incumbent of St. Swithun's, and is still enjoyed by the present one, on the ground that his predecessors had been confessors to the nuns; 5. St. Oswald's Hospital (almshouses), not dissolved at the Reformation, but merely transferred into the Protestant custody of the Dean and Chapter; 6. The Commandery, a religious order founded in Norman times, professing chastity, poverty, and obedience. The progress of the Reformation is shown by the parochial records of St. Michael's, where, in the reign of Edward VI., a man was employed to hew down the images, and whiteness the walls; the holy-water pot and certain organ pipes were sold for 2s. 10d., boards on trestles were substituted for the altar, and instead of sculptured saints and fenestral emblazonment, a man was engaged to write the Scriptures on the walls, and paint the church, at 2d. per yard. In May, 1559, mass was entirely abolished, and images destroyed. Only two sculptured figures in churches survived this wreck, in the county and city of Worcester—namely, at Leigh and Rouselench. The sufferings of the Romanists in the time of Elizabeth are well known, her Majesty's policy towards them—occasioned chiefly by the political events of the times—being marked by suspicion and rigour. Hindlip House, near Worcester, the seat of Mr. Habington, was then the great centre of resort for Catholic priests and Jesuits. The building was remarkable for its cleverly-contrived recesses and hiding holes, and here Edward Oldcorn (Mr. Habington's priest) was sheltered for sixteen years, during which he was known as 'the Apostle of Worcestershire'; and experienced many hair-breadth escapes before he was finally captured for his complicity with Garnett in the Gunpowder Plot. As the two captives were led out of Hindlip House (says More, in his History of the Anglican Mission), 'their last footsteps appeared clothed with a new kind of grass, such as had never been seen by any one before that day—and not rising up confusedly and without order, but which imitated the figure of an imperial crown, the herbage coming together in a heap; and although the doors had been thrown down by the force and pressure of the party first rushing in, whereby they lay open, an access for animals of any kind, while they fed on the rest, they used to leave that untouched.' Garnett was executed in London, and Oldcorn at Red-hill, near Worcester, where, on his being quartered, and his bowels thrown into a ditch, a lively flame burst forth from the earth, and

\* Worcester Sects. By John Noake. London: Longmans.

burnt for sixteen days, notwithstanding a copious rain continued all the time, and the magistrate (bailiff) and his men heaped a mountain of earth upon the fire to extinguish it. A sonnet was composed on this execution, of which the following is a sample—

“ Few words he spake ; they stopped his mouth,  
And choked him with a cord ;  
And lest he should be dead too soon,  
No mercy they afford ;  
But quick and live they cut him down,  
And butcher him full soon,  
Behold, tear, and dismember straight,  
And laugh when all was done.’

Many other miracles are related by Challoner and More to have been wrought in connection with the Worcestershire mission, and the latter gives an interesting account of the clandestine conversion of the Protestant Bishop of Worcester's daughter, by Father Anderson, who, however, was detected when at the bedside of the Bishop's dying son, and transferred to a loathsome dungeon. Titus Oates's plot led to a fresh persecution, and priests were everywhere hunted up ; and on Aug. 22, 1679, Father Wall, a Franciscan priest, who was beloved by Catholics and respected by Protestants, was put to death at Red-hill, Worcester, merely for being a priest ; and Catholic writers declare, that for some time afterwards his grave, at St. Oswald's burying-ground, appeared green, while the rest of the churchyard was all bare, it being then a constant thoroughfare. Under James II., the proscribed party held up their heads. A chapel was either erected, or a house adapted for that purpose, at the corner of Pierpoint-street, and the register commences with the year 1685. James paid a visit to Worcester two years afterwards, and after attending at the Cathedral to touch for the King's evil, proceeded with the Mayor and Corporation to hear mass at the Catholic chapel. The municipal body, however, declined entering the chapel, the Mayor declaring that he had gone far enough already ; nevertheless they waited for his Majesty at the Green Dragon, an adjoining inn, where they ran up a score for drink, as may still be seen in the Corporation accounts. At the Revolution, all Catholic chapels were destroyed, and persecution revived, although blood was not again shed. The Catholics were driven to have their chapels secluded, and to go to them in a circuitous way to avoid suspicion. Nevertheless various Jesuits and others penetrated to the Worcester “ mission,” with varying success, until in 1829 they finally triumphed, in the erection of a handsome new chapel, and witnessing the success of the Emancipation Bill. The Worcester congregation of Catholics now number nearly 1500, but many of these live out of the city, and many are Irish.

The work is highly creditable to Mr. Noake, who is known as a most laborious and painstaking antiquary.

Mr. J. M. GUTCH, of Worcester, whose paper on Robin Hood graced the pages of our last part, has just issued some discourses by an almost forgotten member of the Church, under the title of “ Watson Redivivus,”\* to which we call attention. GEORGE WATSON, a member of University College, Oxford, about the middle of the last century, was the early friend and encourager of those two eminent divines, Bishop Horne, and William Jones, of Nayland ; and they both appear to have profited largely by his instruction and example. All three were, indeed, tinged with the mysticism of the Hutchinsonian school, but they were men of learning, piety, and the most amiable character ; masters, moreover, of a style equally pure, simple, and intelligible ; and their practical writings are therefore of great excellence and value. The sermons of Mr. Watson, now published, were so uncommon as to have become, in addition to their intrinsic worth, a literary rarity, so that Mr. Gutch has rendered a public service in more ways than one by this elegant reprint, and his interesting introduction to it. The four discourses are respectively entitled—1. Christ the light of the world. 2. A seasonable admonition to the Church of England. 3. Aaron's intercession and Korah's rebellion. 4. The doctrine of the ever blessed Trinity. These discourses are all more or less worthy of attentive perusal ; but we specially recommend the second, preached on the anniversary of the Restoration in 1751, as containing many hints and warnings applicable to the present time.

It gives us real pleasure to announce, that Mr. BATEMAN, the learned author of the “ Vestiges of the Antiquities of Derbyshire,” has a new work at Press, indeed, nearly

\* Four Discourses, by the Rev. George Watson, M.A. Edited by John Matthew Gutch. London : Parkers.

ready for Publication, entitled, "Ten Years' Diggings in Celtic and Saxon Grave Hills in the Counties of Derby, Stafford, and York." Mr. Bateman's fame is so well known in connection with barrow-opening, and his reputation as one of the leading antiquaries of the day is so well established, that the announcement of the forthcoming work from his pen, has caused some excitement in the literary world. The volume will be profusely illustrated with wood engravings, and will, besides notices of almost numberless discoveries, contain remarks upon Pottery, and on Crania, from the Mounds, which will be of the greatest value to Ethnologists, and all who are engaged in investigating the early history not only of our country, but of man himself.

### Notes, Queries, and Cleanings.

[The Editor would feel particularly obliged by his correspondents favouring him with their names—not necessarily for publication, but in order that when requisite he may communicate with, and send proofs to, them. He regrets to say that he has now several papers and other notes, with whose writers he is unable, though desirous, to communicate, through their having sent anonymously.]

#### ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF GARRICK AT CHATSWORTH.

It was a custom of the late Duke's grandfather, who was known as the "Old Duke," to hoist the flag, as a hint to the gentlemen of the neighbourhood that open house was being kept at Chatsworth. On one of these occasions, whilst Johnson, Garrick, and Boswell were staying in the house; the Rev. Thos. Grove, Vicar of Bakewell, called, with the intention of staying for dinner; but Garrick asking the Duke in his hearing, "Please your Grace, are the natives to be down upon us to-day?" the worthy Vicar in high dudgeon took his departure. Shortly afterwards the ducal party riding out near Edensor, met Mr. Grove, and accosting him with "How is it you do not come to Chatsworth as usual?" he replied, "Well, well, my Lord Duke, I don't like coming while these mountebanks and play-folk are with you." Whereupon the Duke, patting him on the back, observed, that having now so handsomely paid them off, he thought he might venture to resume his visits.

Garrick on one occasion showing Johnson over his fine new house, and pointing out all its advantages, the Doctor somewhat harshly reproved him with "Ah! David, David, these be the things that make a death-bed terrible!"

ESLIGH.

#### EPITAPH IN HARTINGTON CHURCHYARD ON WM. DERBYSHIRE, WHO OB. 28 JULY, 1807.

The man that lies beneath this stone  
Was for his honesty well known.  
An industrious wife he had, and children kind,  
Which gave satisfaction to his mind.  
His debts he paid—his grave you see—  
Prepare yourself to follow *he*!

ESLIGH.

SNECK—Can any of your correspondents tell me the meaning of this word, which I have occasionally heard used in Derbyshire?

J. W.

Belper.

*Sneck* is the latch of a door. To "*sneck* the door," means simply to latch it. It is a very common expression in Derbyshire and Yorkshire.

Ed.

#### THE REVELLS OF SHIRLAND.

Being the present representative of the Revells of Ogstone, and owner of the Chantry Chapel at Shirland alluded to in the last number of the "*RELIQUARY*," I wish to make a few observations respecting "that ancient and loyal family, now extinct." My object in doing so is, partly, to do away with any erroneous impression respecting them, which might otherwise be left on the mind of a casual reader, from the perusal of the document published in the "*RELIQUARY*" (page 185), and now in the possession of T. Bateman, Esq., of Youlgreave. I do not know what was the result of the Royal

Commission, whose instructions are therein for the first time printed; but I feel confident that it did not affect the fair fame of the family involved in it, who continued to reside at Ogston, till by the death of William Revell at an early age, A.D. 1706, this branch became extinct in the male line, and their estates passed, by marriage of his sister and co-heiress, into the possession of the present owner. According to Lysons, the Revells were originally of Newbold Revel, County Warwick, and settled at Ogston in the 14th century; while a younger branch (now also extinct) settled at Carnfield, in the parish of South Normanton. I append copies of the inscription, &c., on monuments now existing in the north aisle of Shirland Church, which formed the Chantry Chapel in question, and which, till the recent alterations, was enclosed by a parclose screen—

An altar tomb of alabaster, the front and ends panelled and ornamented with shields charged with the Revel Arms—"Argent, on a chevron, gules, three trefoils, ermine, all within a bordure engrailed, sable." On the upper slab are incised two full-length figures of a Gentleman in a suit of armour, and a Lady by his side, and eight smaller figures at their feet.

Round the outer edge is the following inscription, in old English characters—

"JOHES REVELL DE SHYRLOND ARM. QUI OBIT UNDECIMO DIE NOVEMBRIS ANNO DNI M° CCCC° VICESIMO SEPT. ET MERGERI UXOR OBIT DIE MARTIS OCTAVO ANNO DNI M° CCCC° QUORUM AIABUS PROPICIETUR DEUS AMEN."

A mural tablet, highly ornamented with fruit and flowers, and the family arms, as above, with this inscription—

"Neare this place lyes interred the Body of John Revell of Ogston, in the County of Derby, Esq<sup>re</sup>, who departed this life the 14th day of August, in the 33rd year of his age, A.D. 1699. And of William his Son by Elizabeth y<sup>e</sup> Daughter of Robert Copley of Doncaster, Co. York, Esq<sup>re</sup>. He died April 3rd, 1706, in the 18th of his age, and by his death his Estate descended to Mary and Katherine, his Sisters and Coheirs. Who in testimony of their duty and affection to these dear remains, and in memory of their ancient and loyal family now extinct, have caused this monument to be erected. March 1708."

GLADWIN TURBUTT.

Ogston Hall, Alfreton, Jan. 30.

The following "Wise Saws" were found in the pocket-book of Sir Samuel Sleigh, who was Sheriff of the County of Derby in the year 1648, and again, *anno mirabili*, 1666; and who was buried under the altar of Sutton-on-the-Hill Church, where a stately monument to his memory, with his arms, quartering Arderne, Ryley and Sutton, and impaling, quarterly, Darcy, Reddish, Dethick, and Longford, is still to be seen. An entry may be found in the parish register, to the effect that he was "inter'd in Linen; the Penaltie levy'd and paid." He purchased Etwall-Hall, where he died 14th April, 1679, *æt* 76, of Sir E. Moseley, in 1646, and made great additions to it, tradition has handed down, out of the ruins of Tutbury Castle. On the 13th February, 1629, he bought from the Earl of Manchester, for £1000, Pool Hall in Hartington, and the manor of Sheen, which he afterwards, circa 1670, re-sold to Ralph Sleigh, of Broadmeadow Hall. Sir Samuel was thrice married; first to Judith (whose sister Eliza married another brother, the Rev. Gervase Sleigh, M.A., Rector of Radborne), daughter of Edward Boys, of Betsbanger, Kent. Secondly, Margaret, daughter of Sir Robert Darcy, of Dartford, Kent; his daughter by whom married in 1680 James Chetham, of Turton Tower, Lancashire (Sheriff of Derbyshire, 1693), great-nephew of Humphrey Chetham, the munificent founder of the Blue-Coat Hospital at Manchester. And thirdly, Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. John Harpur, second son of Sir John Harpur of Littleover; by whom he had a posthumous daughter, who married Rowland Cotton, M.P. of Bellaport, Salop; one of whose daughters married Sir Lynch Salusbury Cotton, grandfather of the present Field-Marshal Lord Combermere; and another, Robert, 6th Earl Ferrers. "It is remarkable," observes the Sutton registrar, under date of his last wife's interment in April 1738, "that the first wife of the said Sir Samuel Sleigh was buried 103 years ago and upwards."

Several of these proverbs evidently bear on the troubled times in which they were written. The trees standing on the roadside near Ashe, under which he solemnized the marriage ceremony during the Usurpation, are still pointed out. In the dining-room at Etwall exists a noble portrait of him. Etwall Manor is quoted as an instance of the fate attendant on Sacrilege, in Masters' Edition of Sir Henry Spelman's work.

"Patris mei dicta sapientissima, et in corde meo manebunt fixa."

Thornbridge, Bakewell.

JOHN SLEIGH.

\* Gervase Sleigh, of Ashe and Gray's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, Bailiff of Derby 1606; buried in Saint Werburgh's Church, 1626, where is a mural monument to his memory,



1. "For every lodging-roome y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> have be sure y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> have an £100 of annuall revenues.

2. "It is good to keep a low sayle, somew<sup>t</sup> below y<sup>o</sup>r meanes, and not to mount up to y<sup>e</sup> highest petch of y<sup>r</sup> estate; for if y<sup>r</sup> revenues encrease, y<sup>e</sup> may add to y<sup>r</sup> frame w<sup>th</sup> credit, but w<sup>th</sup>out discredit you cannott diminish itt. It is not good to fight over-head.

3. "If you live long and looke back into y<sup>o</sup>r former dayes, you shall scarcely find in all y<sup>o</sup>r experience two faithfull freindes amongst all y<sup>o</sup>r acquaintances.

4. "Labor for knowledge, and to be judicious in all y<sup>o</sup>r affairs, y<sup>e</sup> see you may be able judiciously to direct y<sup>o</sup>r servants, for else y<sup>e</sup> shall be sure never to have y<sup>o</sup>r business well done, and y<sup>e</sup> if you reprove them for those things wherin you want judgment, they will be ready to contemne y<sup>o</sup>r reproofs.

5. "Never entertaine into y<sup>o</sup>r house, there to abide, a better man than y<sup>o</sup>rselfe; for then you shall never be M<sup>r</sup> of y<sup>o</sup>r owne house.

6. "I never knew man desire an issue (estate!) onely to doe good y<sup>r</sup>by, but comonly y<sup>e</sup> best men are most unwilling to have y<sup>e</sup>.

7. "It is y<sup>e</sup> corruption of magistrates w<sup>ch</sup> brings governement, soe much as it is, into contempt.

8. "It is better to bow y<sup>e</sup> to breake.

9. "It is an excellent thing when grace and good-nature meete; and a great blessing to descend from parents y<sup>t</sup> be of good natures.

10. "If a man live 40 yeares and looke backe, he shall see y<sup>t</sup> he hath escaped many great dangers.

11. "W<sup>e</sup> man is y<sup>t</sup> excellent for any friend (*friende*), who is not famousse for some wite!

12. "Whilst y<sup>e</sup> live take heed of suretiship; lend mony, if y<sup>e</sup> be able, to y<sup>o</sup>r friend, but be not surety.

13. "If y<sup>e</sup> keepe a low sayle, y<sup>e</sup> may live comfortably of y<sup>r</sup> meanes y<sup>t</sup> I leave y<sup>e</sup>; but if y<sup>e</sup> turn gallant all my meanes will soone be devoured and consumed.

14. "If y<sup>e</sup> M<sup>r</sup> and M<sup>rs</sup> have not a vigilant eye, a servant will prove himselfe to be a servant.

15. "When y<sup>e</sup> live in y<sup>e</sup> country, it will be y<sup>o</sup>r credit to keepe good hospitality; for if y<sup>e</sup> goe hūstly and keepe a penurious house, y<sup>e</sup> shall be but derided.

16. "If y<sup>e</sup> be to goe a journey, be up betimes.

17. "In y<sup>r</sup> apparell, better to goe a little under y<sup>e</sup> over.

18. "If my debtors were not able to come to my price y<sup>e</sup> would I come to theirs.

19. "It is a great ornament to any man y<sup>t</sup> lives in y<sup>e</sup> country to have knowledge in y<sup>e</sup> laws of y<sup>e</sup> land, for y<sup>by</sup> he may profitt himselfe and pleasure his friends.

20. "It is good to make a vertue of necessity.

21. "I would have you to be as a father to y<sup>o</sup>r brethren.

22. "I thanke God I have ever bene content w<sup>th</sup> my estate, and would not change w<sup>th</sup> any man.

23. "There is noe estate of this kingdome more to be desired y<sup>e</sup> about my meanes.

24. "Justices have y<sup>e</sup> *cap* and *congie* (*cap* and *kongie*), and y<sup>t</sup> is all, for y<sup>e</sup> take great paynes and are much more lyable to censure (if y<sup>e</sup> deale honestly) y<sup>e</sup> other men.

25. "One can never well discern y<sup>e</sup> selves unlesse in some other like unto y<sup>e</sup> selves.

26. "I prayse God I never in all my life rose from table discontented with my cheare."

"THE SPINNING WHEEL"—Will the correspondent who has favoured us with a paper on this subject, kindly say how we can address a letter to him! Ed.

"LANNOCK"—Is there any interest to be attached to the word "*lannock*," which I have heard persons, living at an out-of-a-way place, use in designation of the *iron ear of a well-bucket*? There is a well situated in a field a few hundred yards north of the Bull's Bank Station, Uttoxeter, called "*Penny Croft Well*." Can you give any reason for it being so called? It has been resorted to to strengthen weak eyes.

Uttoxeter.

T. REDFERN.

"*Lannock*" is a pronunciation peculiar, in the sense referred to by our correspondent, to this district. In Wiltshire, the same word, "*lannock*," signifies a long narrow slip of land, and this is varied in the same sense, in Oxfordshire, into "*Lankot*," and in the West of England, into "*Langet*" and "*Lanket*." The well referred to, probably took its name from the offerings made by the afflicted who resorted to it. Ed.

with his arms, quartering Arderne and Ryley, and impaling those of his wife, Elizabeth Cholmondeley.



## SHELDON.

In the Sheldon Register, the following curious entry of marriage occurs —

"6th January, 1753,

The man about 14 years of age

Marr'd. — Cornelius White and Ellen Dale  
the woman 70. of Sheldon."

The first entry in the Register is this —

"Sheldon Register since the Queen's Bounty & Mrs. Archer's Augmentation made it a private Curacy, 1745. John Swift, B.A., first Curate."

The first entry of Baptisms is this —

"Bapt. Aug. 29, 1737. Cornelius & Richard, ye sons of Cornelius & Elizth White, living in Sheldon."  
Chelmsorton Parsonage.

J. COATES.

In reference to the foregoing register of marriage, kindly furnished by the Rev. J. Coates, I append the following curious account of the occurrence from the "Derby Mercury" of January, 1753 —

"Ashford (in the Peak), Jan. 8, 1753.

"SIR — If you please to give this a place in your paper, you will very much oblige your constant reader and humble servant, &c., J. C.

"Last Saturday, at the Chapel of Sheldon, in the High Peak of Derbyshire, were solemnized the Nuptials of a Widow Gentlewoman, of that Place, of about Eighty Years of Age, to a young Lad (by the Consent of his Parents) of about Fourteen. As she was render'd incapable of walking, by a Complication of Disorders, she was carried in her Chair, from her House to the Chapel, about a hundred Yards distant, attended by a numerous Concourse of People; where the Ceremony was performed with becoming Seriousness and Devotion; after which she was re-conducted in the same Manner, the Musick playing, by her Orders; the Duke of Rutland's Hornpipe before her; to which (as she was disabled from Dancing) she beat Time with her Hands on her Petticoats, till she got Home, and then called for her Crutches, commanded her Husband to dance, and shuffled herself as well as she could. The day being spent with the ringing of the Bell, and other Demonstrations of Joy; and the Populace (mostly Miners), being soundly drench'd with Showers of excellent Liquor, &c., that were plentifully pour'd upon them. The new-marry'd Couple, to consummate their Marriage, were at length put to Bed; to the Side of which, that well polish'd, and civilis'd Company were admitted; the Stocking was thrown, the Posset drank, and the Whole concluded, with all the Decorum, Decency and Order, imaginable."

It seems that the bride did not live many days after her marriage, for the following paragraph is dated for the same month, January, 1753 —

"We are informed, that last Sunday dy'd at Sheldon near Bakewell, the old Gentlewoman who was marry'd the 6th Instant to a young Lad aged about Fourteen, as mention'd in a former Paper. Her Corpse was brought to Bakewell Church on Tuesday last, where she was handsomely interred; and a Funeral Sermon preach'd on the Occasion, to a numerous and crowded Audience, by the Rev. Gentleman who had so lately perform'd the Nuptial Ceremony." Ed.

## CURIOUS CUSTOM AT GREAT LONGSTONE.

It is an ancient custom here on the Eve of Shrove Tuesday, for boys to collect the villagers' carts, wraiths, shelvings, barrows, barrels, or any thing that lies handy — even wrenching the gates from off their hinges — and to place them all in a circle around the village-cross, whence the owners may fetch them the next morning. Can any of your readers assign a reason for this, and say whether it be commonly done in other Derbyshire villages? ESLIGH.

## ST. WERBURGH'S DERBY.

We copy the following from a volume of the Churchwardens' accounts of this Parish, in the possession of the Editor —

"July the 19th in the year (1673).

"Being Sabbath day at night, there was a great Flood. The water was two Foot high in the middle ally it weare mased so that it came into Cheasts and wett all the writings. Such a Flood were not known in our agge before.

ISAAC JACKSON & WILLIAM JEROM,  
CHURCHWARDENS."

DEAR SIR—I enclose a copy of some verses which I have found written on the fly-leaf of an old edition of Chaucer, printed by Richard Pynson, A.D. MDXXVI. in my library. They are ascribed to the celebrated Dr. Donne, and are in the cramped handwriting and spelling of two centuries ago. As I am not aware that they have ever appeared in print, and as they possess some intrinsic merit, you may probably deem them worth insertion in the RELIQUARY.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

GLADWIN TURBUTT.

Ogston Hall, Alfreton.

CERTAIN VERSES WHICH SOME HAVE ASCRIBED TO DOCTOR DONNE.

“ Like to the damask rose we see,  
Or like the blossoms on y<sup>e</sup> tree,  
Or like y<sup>e</sup> dainty flowers of May,  
Or like y<sup>e</sup> morning to the day,  
Or like y<sup>e</sup> sun, or like y<sup>e</sup> shade,  
Or like y<sup>e</sup> gourd which Jonas had,  
E’en such is man, whose threed is spun,  
Drawn out & cut & so is done.  
The rose doth wither, the blossom blasteth,  
The flower fades, y<sup>e</sup> morning hasteth,  
The sun doth set, y<sup>e</sup> shadow flies,  
The gourd consumes, & man he dies.”

2

“ Like to y<sup>e</sup> grasse y<sup>t</sup> is newly sprung,  
Or like y<sup>e</sup> tale that is new begun,  
Or like a bird that is here to-day,  
Or like y<sup>e</sup> perled dew of May,  
Or like an hower or like a span,  
Or like the singing of a swan,  
E’en such is man who lives by breath,  
Is always subiect unto death.  
The grasse doth wither, y<sup>e</sup> tale is ended,  
The bird is flown, y<sup>e</sup> dew’s descended,  
The hower is short, the span is not long,  
The swan’s near death, man’s life is done.”

3

“ Like to the bubble on y<sup>e</sup> brooke,  
Or in a glasse much like a looke,  
Or like y<sup>e</sup> shuttle in a weaver’s hand,  
Or like y<sup>e</sup> writing in y<sup>e</sup> sand,  
Or like a thought, or like a dreame,  
Or like y<sup>e</sup> gliding of y<sup>e</sup> streame,  
E’en such is man who lives by breath,  
Is alwaies subiect unto death.  
The bubble’s broke, y<sup>e</sup> looke forgot,  
The shuttle’s flung, y<sup>e</sup> writing’s blot,  
The thought is past, y<sup>e</sup> dreame is gone,  
The water glides, man’s life is done.”

4

“ Like to y<sup>e</sup> arrow from y<sup>e</sup> bow,  
Or like y<sup>e</sup> sudden flood y<sup>t</sup> flows,  
Or like the time twixt flood and ebbe,  
Or like y<sup>e</sup> spider’s tender webbe,  
Or like a race, or like a goale,  
Or like the dealing of a dole,

E'en such is man whose throad is spun,  
 Drawne out & broke & so is done.  
 The arrow is shot, the flood is spent,  
 The time's no time, the webbe's soone rent,  
 The race is runne, y<sup>e</sup> goale is wonne,  
 The dols is dealt, man's life is done."

## 5

" Like to y<sup>e</sup> lightning from y<sup>e</sup> sky,  
 Or like y<sup>e</sup> past yt quick doth hie,  
 Or like a quaver, short in song,  
 Or like a journey, three daies long,  
 Or like a peare, or like a plum,  
 Or like the snow when sun is come,  
 E'en such is man who lives by breath,  
 Is always subiect unto death.  
 The lightning's past, y<sup>e</sup> past is gone,  
 The song is ended, y<sup>e</sup> journey's done,  
 The peare doth rot, y<sup>e</sup> plum doth fall,  
 The snow dissolves, & so must all."

SIR—One word on the subject of the legend upon the scroll in the picture uncovered at Melbourne Church. The only difficulty lies in the word—ELIA, the first letter being, apparently but not really, somewhat defective. This letter is, I am sure, the Saxon F; so that the inscription will run thus, naturally and intelligibly—

## HIC EST FELIA DEABOLI

The painter, for *felia* has written *felia*; and it seems a fair criticism to say, that the artist who would write *Deaboli* for *Diaboli*, would change *Felia* into *Felia*.

The adaptation of this reading to the subject of the painting, is another matter; but I think it intelligible in a way not before broached, so far as I am aware.

Your faithful Servant,

J. E.

Barrow, Feb. 25, 1861.

## ECKINGTON.

The following singular lines occur on a blank page in the old Parish Register of Eckington, Derbyshire, A.D. 1666-1695—

" Our Grandfathers were Papists,  
 Our Fathers Oliverians,  
 We their Sons are Atheists,  
 Sure our Sons will be queer ones."

SHANGLE—Can you or any of your correspondents tell me the meaning of this word. I heard it used at Winsters a short time ago, when in speaking of a lad, a woman said, "he shangles so."

E. W.

Ashborne.

Shangling means awkward, ungainly, or uncouth in manner of walking, and is synonymous with shamle, or scramble. It is a provincialism, peculiar, we fancy, to Derbyshire. Its meaning will be pretty evident from the following advertisement, in which it will be seen to occur—"Absconded, on the 18th August, 1813, John Newton, apprentice to Wm. Topham, of Southwingfield Park, in the county of Derby, Framework-knitter. He had on when he went away, a light corduroy coat, light spotted quilted waistcoat, and light brown cloth breeches; is about sixteen years of age, slender made, long visaged, full mouth, and *shangling* gait. Any person harbouring or employing the said Apprentice after this Notice, will be dealt with according to Law. As Witness my hand, Wm. Topham, Southwingfield Park."

Ed.

## A POPISH PLOT AGAINST DERBY.

The following "Discovery of a most strange and terrible Attempt of M. Johnson in Darby, against Mr. James his wife in the same town, his damnable Design against the Town of Darby, and the Discovery thereof," is taken from a scarce 4to. tract in the editor's possession, entitled "Most Welcome Newes from York," etc., printed June 23, 1642, and is an excellent example of the way in which every outrage and almost every incident, which occurred in those troublous times, was turned to national account, and made the vehicle for abusing one party or the other. The tract from which the extract is taken is very rare.

"Since the peace of this Kingdome hath bin disturbed, those dangerous Agents of Rome hath practised many desperate Attempts against this Nation; Whereby they have indeavoured the subversion of our Liberties and persons. And since all these now within these few dayes there arose a strange and most wicked danger in Darby Towne, where by the motion and instigation of one Master John Hamon a Catholique, strange things have happened, for after that he and his adherents had indeavoured to spoyle one Mr. James his house, when their intentions did not take such successe as they expected, they entred the same James his house, and not finding him at home, seized upon his wife; whom after they had ravished, they gagged in a most terrible manner: and after this mischief they plundered the house, and told her that this was but the beginning of what they did intend to act.

"This slept for a season, and within a small space they intended to fire the Towne, but by the information of Mistris James his wife, their farther mischief was prevented, and all their Designs countermanded.

"Thus the Actors were discovered, and all things now brought to light, which they intended should have bin brought to a greater light."

## OLD AMUSEMENTS AT BUXTON.

The following highly interesting remarks on some of the amusements of our forefathers, at the delightful watering-place of Buxton, occur in that curious black-letter work, "The Benefit of the Auncient Bathes of Buckstones," "by John Jones Phisition at the Kings Mede nigh Darby," in 1572. The description of the game called "Troul in Madame" (a game borrowed from the French, and not unlike our modern bagatelle) is particularly curious. *Troul, Troi, or Trowle*, of course means "trundle" or "roll," in.

"The Ladies, Gentle Women, Wyues, and Maydes, maye in one of the Galleries walke: and if the weather bee not agreeable too theire expectacion, they may haue in the ende of a Benche, eleven holes made, intoo the which to trowle pummets, or Bowles of leade, bigge, little, or meane, or also, of Copper, Tynne, Woode, eyther vyolent, or softe, after their owne discretion, the pastyme *Troule in Madame* is termed.

"Lykewyse, men feeble, the same may also practise, in another Gallery, of the newe buyldinges, and this, dooth not only strengthen the stomach, and upper parts above the mydryte, or wast: but also the middle partes beneath the sharp Gristle and the extreme partes, as the handes, and legges, according to the wayght of the thing trouled, fast, soft or meane.

"In lyke manner, bowling in allayes, the weather convenient, and the bowles fitte to suche game, as eyther in playne or longe allayes, or in suche as hane Cranckes with halfe bowles, whiche is the fyner and gentler exercise.

"Shooting at Garden Buttes, too them whome it agreeeth and pleaseth, in place of Noblest exercyse standeth, and that rather wyth longe Bowe, than wyth Tyller, Stone bowe, or Crosse bowe. Albeit, to them that otherwyse can not, by reason of greafe, feelenesse, or lacke of use, they may bee allowed.

"This practise of all other the manlyest, leaueth no part of the body unexercised, the breste, backe, reynes, wast, and armes, withdrawing the thyghes, and legges, with running or going.

"The wind baule, or yarne ball, betwene three or foure, shall not bee inuitle to be vsed, in a place conuenient, eache keeping their limite. For tossinge, wherein may bee a very profitable exercise, bycause at all tymes, they keepe not the lyke force in striking, so that they shalbee constrainyd too vse more violent stretching, with swifter mouinge at one tyme, than another, which will make the exercise more nymble, and deliuer, both of hand and whole body: therefore encreasing of heat, through swift mouing in all partes the sooner.

"Plumbetes, of Galene termed alteres, one borne in eache hand, vp and downe the stayers, galleries, or chambers, according to your strength, maye bee a good and profitable exercise: so may you vse wayghtes in lyke maner.

"A fyne Hallyer or Bowe lyne, a foote or twoo hyer then a man may reache, fastened in length, some way, shall not bee unprofitable, holden by the handes, thereby

to stretche them : very excellent as well for stretchinge of the mydrife, interne panicles and wast, with all the rest of the partes, as also, to proserue and defend them from apostemes, obstructions, and paynes thereto incident."

## ETWALL.

The brass of Elizabeth Porte, of Etwall, 1516, in this church, is an excellent example of the conventual style of dress adopted by elderly ladies in their widowhood, in the reign of Henry VIII. Mrs. Porte is habited in a close hood, which falls down over the shoulders; and across the forehead, beneath the hood, is the frontlet of white linen. From her face hangs down the pleated barb, which reaches to the bosom, and the ample mourning mantle, which falls in folds about her feet, is held across the breast by a tasselled cord, which passes through the studs on either side. This lady was the wife of Henry Porte, and daughter of — Banowayte, of Flowersbrook. She had seventeen children, one of whom was the father of the founder of Etwall Hospital, and survived her husband. The figure of Henry Porte has been at some time removed from the monument. The inscription is as follows—"*Orate pro anabus Henrici Port, et Elizabeth uxoris eius qui quidem Henricus obiit in festo Translacionis sancti Thomae Martiris. Anno Dni M.V. duodecimo quorum animabus propitiatur Deus. Amen.*" In the same Church are other highly interesting monuments of the Porte family, all of which are deserving of illustration. The monument of Sir John Porte, the benevolent founder of Etwall Hospital and of Repton School, is highly interesting, and exhibits on brass plates, Sir John, his two wives, and five children.



## ASHBORNE.

Among the many curious relics of superstition remaining in this locality is the following, which we have known practised within a few years—If a young woman wishes to divine who is to be her future husband, she goes into the churchyard at midnight, and, as the clock strikes twelve, commences running

round the church, repeating without intermission—

"I sow hemp seed, hemp seed I sow,  
He that loves me best,  
Come after me and mow."

And having performed the circuit of the church twelve times without stopping, the figure of her lover is supposed to appear and follow her. It is not many years since a young woman, having been persuaded to try this charm, was so overcome with excitement, fear, and fatigue, perhaps from the exertion, that when she had completed her task she fainted and fell, was carried home, and soon afterwards died. Ed.

## DUFFIELD.

**THE DEVIL AND THE CHURCH**—There is a singular tradition in this village regarding the removal of the Church from its intended site to that it now occupies, by the arch-fiend. At this village was anciently a Castle belonging to the Ferrars, Earls of Derby. The site of this castle is still known by the name of Castle Orchards, and at a very short distance from the hill on which the castle stood, is another eminence (only one field's breadth off), on which are some ancient cottages. There is a tradition current in the neighbourhood, that the church was originally intended to be built on this eminence, but after the work had been commenced and proceeded to some extent, the devil, for some unexplained reason, removed the whole of the work in one night to the site it now occupies, in a field by the side of the river Derwent, at quite the opposite side of the village. The workmen were naturally surprised in the morning at finding that their work had all disappeared, and after solemn prayer, again began laying the foundations, but to be carried away again by the devil on the succeeding night. Day after day the same thing was enacted, the whole of the material brought in the day being removed and set up in its right place on the site the arch-fiend had chosen for it; and at last he so completely triumphed over the patience of the workmen, that they went down to the place where he had carried the material, and completed the church where it now stands. The eminence, it appears, on which the church was originally intended to be built, was a place of rendezvous for evil spirits, for at the present day the villagers firmly believe a "brown-man," or bogie, is to be seen every night near the cottages. Ed.

## INDEX TO VOL. I.

### A.

- Anglo-Saxon coins struck at Derby, 1, 126  
 — antiquities from Northampton, 189  
 — laws of Kent, 124  
 Archaeology of the High Peak, 94  
 Ashford-in-the-Water, funeral garlands, 5-10  
 — the hall orchard, 190  
 — Squire Frith ballad, 243  
 All Saints, Derby, 187  
 Alvaston, funeral garlands, 126  
 — sepulchral slab, 128  
 Ashover, funeral garland at, 8  
 Amusements at Buxton, 255  
 Alfreton, ducking stool, 148  
 Altrincham, brank, 78  
 Abingdon, pillory, 217  
 AKERMAN, J. Y., on an order by General Lambert for sale of the King's lands at Wirksworth, 51  
 — on a power of attorney by General Lambert, for fee-farm rents at Edale and Eccleshall, 51  
 Australian flower, to an, 236  
 ANDERSON, J. P., on sepulchral slabs at Alvaston, 128  
 Ashe, John, library of, 169  
 Animals extinct, 225  
 Anthology, 55, 121, 186, 243  
 Ashwell Church, Rutland, 192  
 Ashborne, Manlove's epitaph on Rev. W. Waine, 58  
 — letters of the Rev. W. Langley to Dr. Johnson, 241  
 — Dr. Taylor, notice of, 242  
 — Curious custom at, 256  
 Ale-Wives, 211  
 Advertisements, quaint, 63, 64, 192-254

### B.

- BATEMAN, T., on Anglo-Saxon and Norman coins struck at Derby, 1  
 — petition of Anthony Babington, 52

T. BATEMAN, Christopher Fulwood, the Royalist, an episode of the Great Rebellion, 89

- notes on a few of the old libraries of Derbyshire, 167  
 — Royal Commission relating to Shirland, 185, 249  
 — Anglo-Saxon antiquities from Northampton, 189  
 — on the extinct animals of Derbyshire in their relation to man, 225  
 — autograph letter of the Countess of Huntingdon, 241  
 — inventory of Jewels of Arabella Stuart, 118  
 — funeral garlands from Matlock Church, 9  
 — a bloody plot practised by some Papists in Derbyshire, 60  
 — Ten Years' Diggings, note on, 248  
 BOSWORTH, REV. DR., Orosius, 188  
 Bolsover, funeral garland at, 8  
 — Charles the First at, 42  
 Bradford Dale, 227  
 Belvoir, Quakers at, 25  
 Beaminster, ducking stool, 155  
 Britons, vestiges of the, near Hathersage, 159  
 BRIGGS, J. J., memorials of King's Newton village and its old hall, 12  
 — on a horned rook, 59  
 — note on funeral garlands, 126  
 — a Fauna of Derbyshire—Quadrupeds, 180, 237  
 Babington, Anthony, petition of to Queen Elizabeth, 52  
 Barlborough, Sir John Rhodes, 92  
 Beverley, ducking stool, 152  
 Broadwater, ducking stool, 154  
 Bamford, S., "the Radical," 41  
 Banbury, ducking stool, 157  
 — pillory, 219  
 — "Ballad of Derbyshire," 55  
 — Sir Francis Loke, 43  
 — Lay of the Buckstone, 101  
 — Devonshire's noble duel with Lord Danby, 122

- "Ballad of Yorkshire," 124  
 — Hero, Robin Hood, 129  
 — the drunken butcher of Tideswell, 205  
 — Squire Frith, of Bank Hall, 243  
 Bancroft, Thomas, Epigrams on Sir John Harpur, 58  
 — Captain Milward, 244  
 BROWN, E., a chapter on Toadstools, 105  
 — on the "Whip-Tom-Kelly," 189  
 Bloody plot, a, practised by some Papists in Derbyshire, 60  
 Bells, inscriptions on, Lullington, 125  
 Bakewell, anecdotes of Mr. T. Grove, 249  
 Branks, a paper on, by LL. Jewitt, 65  
 BURKE, SIR W., vicissitudes of families, notice 2, 123  
 BROCKETT, W. H., brank at Newcastle, 70  
 Buckstone, lay of the, 101  
 Bottle of Hay, 127  
 Beaudesert Brank, 73  
 Bridle-bit, Anglo-Saxon, 189  
 Bolton-le-Moors brank, 75  
 Buxton, benefit of the ancient baths of, 186-255  
 — amusements at, 255  
 Bristol pillory, 221  
 Blues, Derby chronicle of, 192  
 Butcher of Tideswell, 205  
 Burton, Michael, 199  
 Byron, Lords, notice of the family, 202  
 Brasses, 246-256  
 Bakers, punishment of, 211  
 Beare, Eleanor, 215  
 Beverley pillory, 219  
 British spy, or Derby postman, 222  
 Barrow and Twyford registers, 231  
 Bank Hall, 243  
 Bradford-on-Avon brasses, 245  
 BRUSHFORD, T. N., brank at Manchester, 75  
 — on sepulchral slabs at Hartington, 128  
 — on the ballad, "Squire Frith of Bank Hall," 243  
 BENNETT, W., on the archæology of the High Peak, 94  
 — Chariot race, 97  
 — Lay of the Buckstones, 101  
 — The drunken butcher of Tideswell, 205  
 — Squire Frith of Bank Hall, 243

## C.

- CARRINGTON, F. A. "Jowled," 62  
 — moon worship, 63  
 — branks, 71  
 — bottle of hay, 127  
 — ringing out the age, 127  
 Chariot Race, 97  
 Cambridge, ducking stool, 156

- Cheesewring, 159-160  
 COLVILLE, C. R., extracts from the parish registers of Lullington, 125  
 — silver royalist token, 190  
 — inscriptions on Lullington bells, 125  
 — family, note on, 190  
 CHATELAIN, the CHEVALIER DE, Canterbury Tales, 188  
 "Carl's Work," 159-163  
 Coventry, drinking stool, 154  
 Canterbury cuckstool, 157  
 — tales, 188  
 Celtic antiquities near Hathersage, 159  
 Cakes of Bread, 159  
 Carn Brea, 161  
 COATS, REV. J., parish registers of Sheldon, 252  
 Camps, Ancient British, 161  
 Chantry at Shirland, 185  
 Cornwall, Celtic antiquities in, 159  
 Camp green, 162  
 Chun Castle, 165  
 Chaucer's Canterbury tales, 188  
 Cotton, Charles, library of, 169  
 — MSS. poems, ib.  
 Churchyard, T., lines by, 186  
 Clay, Norfolk, 157  
 Cressbrook, Newton of, 193  
 Chantry, Sir F., portrait and notice of W. Newton, 193  
 Candlesticks at Southwell, 200  
 Card playing, 209  
 Corn dealers, punishment of 211  
 Curll, Edmund, in the pillory, 222  
 Colingbourne Ducis, brass, 246  
 Chatsworth, Garrick at, 249  
 Custom at Great Longstone, 252  
 Churchwarden's accounts, 252  
 Christopher Fullwood the Royalist, 89  
 Coins struck at Derby, 1, 126  
 Cross, King's-Newton, 13  
 — monumental, Melbourne, 63  
 — Kirklees Priory, 142  
 Carrington, brank, 77  
 Congleton, brank, 76  
 Cheshire, brank, 65, 78  
 — ducking stools, 145  
 Charles I at King's Newton, 19  
 — visits Bolsover, 42  
 — order for raising forces, 54  
 — royalist token, 190  
 — golden rules of, 191  
 Cavendish family, notice, 118  
 COKE, family, notice, 20  
 Cuck stool, 145  
 Cokain, Sir Aston, "a ballad of Derbyshire," 1658, 55  
 — a journey into the Peak, 121  
 Chesterfield, John Grattan at, 22  
 — brank at, 67  
 — ducking stool 147  
 Clegg, Dr. James, notice 9, 62  
 Coleshill, pillory, 216  
 Cider making in Derby, 64  
 Chapel-en-le-Frith, 62-94  
 Coffins, Saxon, 64



CHAMFLEY, W. on Scarborough ducking stool, 151

## D.

Derby, Anglo-Saxon and Roman coins struck at, 1, 126

- Quakers at, 25
- Cyder making in, 64
- ducking stool, 147
- tomb of John Law, 187
- St. Werburgh's Registers, 252
- Elizabeth Wilcox, 192
- Chronicle of the Blues, 192
- Pillory, 214
- Postman, 222
- Flood at, 252
- Popish plot against, 255

Derbyshire, Libraries of, 167

- a fauna of, 180, 237
- sermon on, 191
- extinct animals of, 225
- William, epitaph on, 240

Ducking stools, a few notes on, 145

Dartmoor, Celtic antiquities, 159

Dunkin's A., Dooms, or the Saxon laws of Kent, 124

— ducking stool at Gravesend, 152

Dooms, or Saxon Laws of Kent, 124

DIMOCK, REV. J., on the Newstead eagle, 201

Doddington Park, brank, 72

Devonshire, earls of, 118

— noble duel, 122

Drunkard's cloak, 70

Devises ducking stool, 155

— pillory, 220

DEANE, REV. J., M.A., on some wall paintings discovered in Melbourne church, 31

Dublin, pillory, 214

Dethick, Anthony Babington's conspiracy, 52

Danby, Lord, duel with Earl of Devonshire, 122

Davis, Mary, the horned woman, 60

Drunken butcher of Tideswell, 205

Duffield church and the Devil, 256

Danbury Pillory, 221

Deer, red, 227

— fallow, 238

Doddridge, Dr., letter to, 241

Donne, Dr., verses by, 253

Devil and the church, 256

## E.

EDWARDS, REV. J., notes on the parish registers of Barrow and Twyford, 231

— wall painting at Melbourne, 254

Eyam, funeral garlands, 7

— Mompesson's tomb, 144

— Moor, rock basins, 161

— stone circle, 162

Edinburgh, brank, 69

Elton, Quakers at, 24

Every, Justice, 28

Evans, Mr., M.P., Tax on coffins, 64

Eccleshall, 51

ESLIGH, golden rules of Charles I. 191

— Garrick at Chatsworth, 249

— Epitaph at Hartington, 249

Edale, 51

Edgware, ducking stool, 157

Etwell, brasses, 256

Epitaphs, Ashborne, 58

— Hartington, 249

Extinct animals of Derbyshire, 225

Evelyn, George, brass, 246

Epigrams on Sir John Harpur, 58

— Captain Milward, 244

EGINTON, Miss E. A., on funeral garlands, 126

Eyre, Sir Robert, 185

Earthworks, Ancient British

Eagle lectern of Southwell, 200

Eckington, parish register, 254

E. W. "Shangle," 254

## F.

FURNESS, R. Mompesson's tomb, 144

Fibula, Anglo-Saxon, 189

Funeral garlands, on, 5, 123

Findernes of Findernes, 123

— flowers, 124

Fungi, notes on the folk lore of, 112

— a chapter on toadstools, 105

Fly-catcher, 189

Fairy rings and dances, 115

Fuzball, 117

Forfar, witch's bridle, 69

Fairfield, funeral garlands at, 8

Findern, dissenting academy at, 62

— Findernes of, 123

Ferns, on the physiology of, with a list of Derbyshire specimens, 34

— notes on superstitions connected with, 39

Flamstead, John, petition of Mrs. Flamstead, 51

Fulwood, Christopher, the Royalist, 89

Folk lore, St. John's Eve, 40

— connected with the fern, 39

— St. John Baptist's night, 31

— of Fungi, 112

Ringling out the age, 127

Growing hemp seed, 256

Fossil remains, 225

Fauna of Derbyshire, 180, 237

Fordwich, ducking stool, 152

Fortifications, Ancient British, 163

Felton, John, Autograph of, 170

Flood, great, 252

Fortune telling, 192

Freeman, Thomas, 199

FITCH, MRS., pillory, 209, 218

Fox, the common, 237

Fallow deer, 238

Frith of Bank Hall, 243

## G.

- Grattan, John, the Quaker preacher, 21  
 Gossip's bridles, 65  
 Gravesend ducking stool, 152  
 Golden rules of Charles I, 191  
 Great Markham, Quakers at, 26  
 — Longstone, custom at, 262  
 — flood, 252  
 Gilbert, Justice, of Locke, 27  
 GOODE, DR., on the physiology of ferns,  
 with a list of Derbyshire specimens, 34  
 Gray, Hon. Anchitell, household books  
 of, 119  
 GUTCH, J. M., the ballad hero Robin  
 Hood; his identity discovered, 129  
 — "Watson Redivivus," 248  
 GRESLEY, REV. J. M., on the Austin  
 Priory of St. Mary of Newstead, 167  
 Grove, Rev. J., and Garrick, 249  
 Giant's tooth, 225  
 Garrick at Chatsworth, 249

## H.

- Hathersage, on some of the vestiges of  
 the Britons near, 159  
 — church, 163  
 — Carl's Work, 163  
 — funeral garland at, 8  
 HART, W. H., on a petition of Mrs.  
 Flamstead, 51  
 Hedgehog, 181  
 Hope, funeral garland at, 8  
 HALL, DR. S. T., or Sir John Grattan,  
 the Quaker preacher, 21  
 — stanzas, 184  
 Heanor, funeral garland at, 8  
 HOLLOWAY, J., on Rye pillory, 217  
 HILLIARD, J., on Wellingford pillory, 218  
 HOWITT, RICHARD, Sir Francis Leke, or  
 the power of love, a Derbyshire Catho-  
 lic legend of Cromwell's time, 43  
 — to a small Austra-  
 lian flower, 236  
 Howitt, William, on funeral garlands, 8  
 Hood's experiences on the pillory, 223  
 Holy well, King's-Newton, 13  
 Honiton ducking stool, 155  
 Heiress of the Spaldings, 175  
 HARDINGS family, notice of, 15  
 Heathcote, Ralph, 199  
 Harpur, Sir John, epigrams on, 58  
 — 185  
 — Finderne families, 123  
 — tomb of, 187  
 Horned rook, 59  
 — woman, 60  
 Holme brank, 75  
 Hamstall Ridware brank, 73  
 Hayfield, alleged rising of spirits, 62  
 Houghton, John account of a snow storm  
 in 1692, 64  
 Haddon Hall, love steps of Dorothy  
 Vernon, 79  
 — red deers' antlers, 227,  
 228

- Household book of Risley Hall, 119  
 Hartington, sepulchral slabs at, 128  
 — epitaph at, 249  
 Huntingdon, Countess of, unpublished  
 letter, 241  
 HORTON family, notice of, 245

## I.

- Incised slabs, &c., at Melbourne, 63  
 — Alvaston, 128  
 — Hartington 128  
 — Kirklees Priory, 142  
 Ingledew, Dr., ballads of Yorkshire,  
 notice of, 124  
 INQUIRE, on the hall orchard, Ashford,  
 190  
 Ipswich, ducking stool, 156  
 Ialynton, John, tomb of, 187  
 JEWITT, LLEWELLYN, on funeral gar-  
 lands, 5  
 — on wall paintings  
 at Melbourne, 33  
 — on superstitions  
 connected with the fern, 39  
 — on Anthony Ba-  
 bington's conspiracy, 52  
 — on an order of Par-  
 liament for raising forces in Derbyshire,  
 &c., 54  
 — on Scolds, and how  
 they cured them in the "good old  
 times," 65  
 — notes on the folk  
 lore of Fungi, 102  
 — on the household  
 books of Risley Hall, 119  
 — a few notes on  
 Ducking stools, 145  
 — the Pillory, and  
 who they put in it, 209  
 — letters of Rev W.  
 Langley, to Dr. Johnson. 241  
 — custom at Ash-  
 bourne, 256  
 — notices of William  
 Sampson, 56-57  
 — horned  
 rooks, &c., 60  
 — rising of spirits at  
 Hayfield, 62  
 — jowled, 62  
 — John Baptist's  
 night, 62  
 — monumental cross  
 at Melbourne, 63  
 — moon worship, 63  
 — clergymen at  
 Wirksworth, 63  
 — quaint advertise-  
 ments, 63-64  
 — snow storm in  
 1698, 64  
 — note on Arabella  
 Stuart, 118  
 — note on Sir Aston  
 Cokaine, 121

JEWITT, LLEWELLYN, on bottle of hay, 127  
 ————— ringing out  
 the age, 127  
 ————— Squire Frith,  
 of Bank Hall, 243  
 ————— "Lannock,"  
 243  
 ————— curious marriage at Sheldon, 252  
 ————— Shangle, 254  
 ————— Popish plot  
 against Derby, 255  
 ————— Etwall brasses,  
 256  
 ————— the Devil and  
 the church, 256  
 JEWITT, ORLANDO, Coleshill pillory, 216  
 "John's tears," 43  
 "John Baptist's night," 62  
 Jowled, 62  
 Jarvis, Colonel, brank, 72  
 Journey into the Peak, 121  
 Juxon, Bishop, library, 168  
 Johnson, Dr., letters to, 241  
 Jones, J., Phisition, 186  
 J. W., "Sneck," 249

## K.

King's-Newton, memorials of, and its old hall, 12  
 KENDRICK, DR., brank at Warrington, 75  
 Kendal, brank, 75  
 Kingston-on-Thames, ducking stool, 152  
 ————— pillory, 220  
 Kent, Saxon laws of, 124  
 Kirklees Priory, 142  
 KELLY, W. M., on Leicester ducking stool, 148  
 KITE, E., Wooton Bassett, ducking stool, 150  
 ————— Marlborough Pillory, 217  
 ————— Brasses of Wiltshire, 245

## L.

Lathkiln Dale, 21  
 ————— fossil human skeleton, 227  
 Landover, funeral garland, 126  
 Leicester brank, 69  
 ————— ducking stool, 148  
 ————— pillory, 219  
 Leominster, tumbrell, 151  
 Looko, Justice Gilbert of, 27  
 Liverpool ducking stool, 157  
 Love steps of Dorothy Vernon, 79  
 Lyme Regis, ducking stool, 153  
 ————— pillory, 220  
 Lewes pillory, 216  
 Lancashire folk lore, and superstition, 41  
 Lancashire pillory, 219  
 Lawcelles, Sir Brian, 185  
 Lichfield brank, 73  
 ————— ducking stool, 157

Latham, Rev. Ebenezer, of Finderne, 62  
 Lupton, Thomas, lines by, 186  
 Ludlow brank, 74  
 Libraries of Derbyshire, 165  
 Leke, Sir Francis, or the power of love, a ballad, 43  
 Lambert General, original documents of, 51  
 Legend of Sir Francis Leke, 43  
 Lay of the Buckstone, 101  
 Liber albus, 213  
 Long armed duke, 122  
 Love's resurrection, 230  
 Lullington, extracts from the parish register of, 125  
 ————— inscriptions on the bells, 125

## M.

METEYARD, ELIZA, love steps of Dorothy Vernon, 79  
 ————— Heiress of the Spaldings, 175  
 Matlock, funeral garlands at, 9  
 ————— Quakers at, 25  
 Middleton by Youlgrave, Christopher Fulwood, 89  
 ————— Skeleton, 228  
 Macclesfield brank, 76  
 Melbourne, extracts from parish registers, 19  
 ————— on some wall paintings discovered there, 31-33, 252  
 ————— malformation of a rook, 59  
 ————— monumental cross, 63  
 Merchant's mark, 245  
 Mushroom, folk lore, 117  
 Monyash, John Grattan, 21  
 Mompesson's tomb, 144  
 Morpeth, brank, 73  
 Manlove, Edward, epitaph on Thomas W. Waime, 58  
 Manners, Sir John, 185  
 Morgan, Capt. J. N., library of, 169  
 Mole, the, 182  
 Markeaton, horned rook, 59  
 Marlborough pillory, 216  
 Moon worship, 63  
 Marriage, curious, at Sheldon, 252  
 Mistor, 159  
 Mayer, J., brank, 72, 75  
 Morley church, tombs at, 187  
 Manchester, brank, 75  
 Milward, Capt., epigrams, 244

## N.

Norman and Anglo-Saxon coins struck at Derby, 1, 126  
 Norfolk, clay church, 167  
 Newcastle-on-Tyne brank, 72  
 Neath, ducking stool, 151  
 NOAKE, J., brank at Worcester, 74  
 ————— Worcester sects, 247  
 Newbury, ducking stool, 153  
 Notes on books, Burke's "Vicissitudes of families," 123

Notes on Books, Ingledew's "Ballads of Yorkshire," 124  
 ——— Dunkin's "Dooms, or Saxon laws of Kent," 124  
 ——— Fairholt's "Costume in England," 187  
 ——— Chevalier de Chatelain's "Canterbury tales," 188  
 ——— Dr. Bosworth's "Orosius" Kite's "Brasses of Wiltshire," 245  
 ——— Noake's "Worcester sects," 247  
 ——— Gutch's "Watson Redivivus," 248  
 ——— Bateman's "Ten year's diggings," 249  
 Northampton, Anglo-Saxon Antiquities, 189  
 Newton, William, memoir of, 193  
 ——— sonnet by, 196  
 Newstead Priory, account of, 197  
 Norman, notices of the family of, 235

## O.

ORTON, JAMES, Yearnings, 30  
 ——— to Harrie, '88  
 ——— Love's resurrection, 230  
 Osgrove, Revels of, 185, 249  
 Orosius, Dr. Bosworths, 188  
 Over-Haddon, Martha Taylor, the fasting woman, 24  
 Ornament, Anglo-Saxon, 189  
 Obsolete punishments, branks, 65  
 ——— stocks, 215-218  
 ——— drunkard's cloak, 70  
 ——— ducking stools, 145  
 ——— pillory, 209  
 ——— hurdle, 213  
 ——— whipping posts, 215, 218  
 Original documents, order for the sale of the King's lands at Wirksworth, 51  
 ——— power of attorney for fee-farm rents at Eccleshall and Edale, 51  
 ——— petition from Mrs. Flamstead, 51  
 ——— of Anthony Babington, 52  
 ——— order of parliament for raising forces, 1642, 54  
 ——— inventory of jewels of Arabella Stuart, 118  
 ——— royal commission relating to a chantry at Shirland, 185  
 Oxford, Ashmolean museum, 71

## P.

Physiology of Ferns, on the, 34  
 Popish plot against Derby, 255  
 Powtrell, Cassandra and Robert, of West Hallam, 56  
 PIDGEON, J., brank at Shrewsbury

Peak, archaeology of the High, 94  
 ——— a journey into the, 121  
 ——— Minstrel, 193  
 Provincialisms, "jowled," 62  
 ——— bottle of hay, 127  
 Porte, notice of the family of, 256  
 PRETTY, E., on Rugby ducking stool, 154  
 PARADISE, T., on Elizabeth Wilcox, 192  
 Pillory, and who they put in it, 219  
 Political offences, punishment for, 222  
 Parish registers of Barrow and Twyford, 231  
 ——— Lullington, 125  
 ——— Melbourne, 15  
 ——— Sheldon, 252  
 ——— St. Werburgh's, Derby, 252  
 ——— Eckington, 254

## Q.

Quaker apostle and preacher of the Peak, John Grattan, 21  
 Quadrupeds, a fauna of Derbyshire, 180, 237

## R.

Rhodes, Sir John, of Barlborough, 29  
 Royalist token, 190  
 Roosdyche, 96  
 Rutland, Ashwell, 192  
 Risley Hall, household book of, 119  
 Rugby, ducking stool, 254  
 REDFERN T., on "Lannock," 257  
 Rarities in natural history, 59, 189  
 Rock basins, 160  
 Ringing out the age, 127  
 Revel family of Shirland, 185, 249  
 Rook, a horned 59  
 Rye, pillory, 217  
 Rising of spirits at Hayfield, 62  
 Rotherham, pillory, 219  
 Reprints of scarce tracts, 60  
 Registers, parish, Lullington, 125  
 ——— Melbourne, 15  
 ——— Barrow and Twyford, 231  
 ——— Sheldon, 252  
 ——— St. Werburgh's, Derby, 252  
 ——— Eckington, 254  
 Robin Hood, the ballad hero, 129  
 SAINTHILL, R. on Anglo-Saxon coins struck at Derby, 125  
 Sampson, William, lines on Miss Tevery, 7  
 ——— Cassandra Powtrell, 56  
 ——— Robert Powtrell, 57  
 SLEIGH, J., on "wise saws" of Sir S. Sleigh, 250  
 ——— family, 250  
 Scolds, and how they cured them in the "good old times," 65  
 ——— bride, 65

SILVERPEN, Love steps of Dorothy Vernon, 79

\_\_\_\_\_ the heiress of the Spaldings, 175

Sepulchral crosses, Melbourne, 63

\_\_\_\_\_ Hartington, 128

\_\_\_\_\_ Alveston, 128

\_\_\_\_\_ Kirklees, 142

Sherwood Forest, John Grattan, 25

\_\_\_\_\_ and Robin Hood, 129

\_\_\_\_\_ Newstead Abbey, 197

Salisbury, ducking stool, 157

\_\_\_\_\_ pillory, 220

Stuart, Arabella, inventory of Jewels, 118

Stange edge, rock basin, 161

Shrewsbury, brank, 75

\_\_\_\_\_ ducking stool, 157

Scarborough, ducking stool, 151

Superstitions connected with the fern, 39

\_\_\_\_\_ rising of spirits, 62

\_\_\_\_\_ moon worship, 63

\_\_\_\_\_ St. John Baptist's night, 62

\_\_\_\_\_ Devil and the church, 256

Stockport, brank, 77

Suffolk collections, 175

Staffordshire, curious superstition, 42

\_\_\_\_\_ branks, 75

\_\_\_\_\_ ducking stool, 157

Stanzas, 184

Snow storm in 1698, 64

Stoke Abbot, ducking stool, 155

Stanton Woodhouse, library, 169

Sir Francis Leke, or the power of love, 43

Sonnet, by W. Newton, 196

Spaldings, the heiress of the, 175

Sandwich, cuckstool, 156

Stone circles, 162

Swarkestone, Sir John Harpur, 58

\_\_\_\_\_ Thomas Bancroft, 58

\_\_\_\_\_ tomb of Sir John Harpur, 187

\_\_\_\_\_ Capt. Milward, 244

Shirland chantry, commission, 185, 249

\_\_\_\_\_ Revels of, 185, 249

Sacheverel, tombs at Morley, 187

Stevenson, Edward, 185

Sermon on Derbyshire, 191

STERNDALE, MISS, on William Newton,

the Peak minstrel, 163

\_\_\_\_\_ Mrs., notice notice of New-

ton, 194

Scarsdale, Earl of, 199

Seal of Newstead Priory, 200

Southwell minster, 200

Saintmaur, E., brass, 246

"Sneck," 249

Sheldon, curious marriage, 252

\_\_\_\_\_ parish registers, 252

"Shangle," 254

## T.

TURBUTT, GLADWIN, on the Revels of Shirland, 249

\_\_\_\_\_ on verses ascribed

to Dr. Donne, 253

TISSINGTON, funeral garland at, 8

\_\_\_\_\_ St. John Baptist's night, 62

Token, Royalist, 190

Twyford, registers of Barrow and, 231

Toadstools, a chapter on, 105

Taylor, Martha, the fasting woman, 24

\_\_\_\_\_ Dr., notice of, 242

Tideswell, Quakers at, 25

\_\_\_\_\_ drunken butcher of, 205

Tumbrells, and ducking stools, 145

Tracts, reprints of, scarce, 60

Tax on coffins, 64

To Harrie, 88

## V.

Vernon, Dorothy, the love steps of, 79

## W.

WILKINSON, SIR GARDNER, on some of the vestiges of the Britons near Hathersage, 159

WOOD, W., on funeral garlands at Eyam, 7

Warwick, tumbrel, 152

West Dean, brasses, 246

Whip-Tom-Kelly, 189

West Hallam, Robert and Cassandra

Powtrel of, 56

Wall paintings at Melbourne, 31, 33, 254

Wooton Bassett, tumbrel, 150

Waine, Rev. W., Manloves epitaph on, 58

Wisbeach, Royalist token, 190

Wiltshire superstitions, 63

Warrington, branks, 75, 77

Worcestershire provincialisms, 62

\_\_\_\_\_ brank, 74

\_\_\_\_\_ ducking stool, 157

\_\_\_\_\_ sects, 247

Wirksworth, curious advertisement for a clergyman, 63

\_\_\_\_\_ fossil elephant, 225

WOODMAN, B., brank at Morpeth, 73

WALSHAM, SIR JOHN, brank from Ches-

terfield, 68

Walsall, brank, 73

Walton-on-Thames, brank 63

WRIGHT, THOMAS, Wroxeter, 189

Witch's bridle, 69

Wroxeter, 189

WAY ALBERT, brank at Ludlow, 74

Worle Hill camp, 165

Wheatcroft, Leonard, 171

Wilcox, Elizabeth, 192

Whipping posts, 215, 218

Wallingford pillory, 218

Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta, notice of the

family of, 233

"Watson Redivivus," 248

W. J., "Sneck," 249

"Wise saws" of Sir S. Sleigh, 250

Werburch, St., Derby, registers, 242

W. E., "shangle," 254

## Y.

Yearnings, 30

Yarmouth, brank, 78.

Yorkshire, ballads of, 124

York, St. Mary's Abbey

END OF VOL. I.

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